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THE CRITIC.

GENIUS AND INGENUITY.

A DISTINCTION is often made in these days between genius and talent. Perhaps there may be substantial ground for such a distinction; but we doubt whether it have as much of practical value as another distinction which we wish to establish between genius and ingenuity. Genius is the grand creative faculty of intellect, just as virtue is the grand moral faculty creative. Without perplexing ourselves with subtleties about originality, which is often a very vague and unmeaning word, one thing we may confidently assert, that genius manifests a certain fecund generative force peculiarly its own. Men of genius may borrow their materials as freely as their neighbours, very often much more freely; but they put into them a spermatic pith, they clothe them with an organic and harmonic whole-

ness and vitality which they only can bestow. But, creation, from that of God in nature downward, is eminently gradual and calm: so gradual that it seems not to move, so calm that it seems to sleep. Of the noblest products of God's hand, and of the noblest products of man's mind, we may alike say that we see them grown, but that we do not see them grow. Now ingenuity is not creation, but it is the rapid and restless imitation of creative processes. From its very rapidity and restlessness however, it always attracts more attention, though it may have far less of abiding influence than true creation. Nothing pleases the human eye more than movement; nothing which it is more unwilling to watch than development. And as a general rule it is not individuals who have ever the patience to wait for, to mark and to record developments,—but humanity. While the gaze of humanity is fixed on development, by movement is the glance of individuals fascinated. Humanity alone then may be said to be able to appreciate genius, because humanity alone has the insight that accompanies and flows from pertinacity. In the same way that Providence is eternally just, humanity has an eternal feeling for the eternally beautiful. We have precisely the same assurance therefore, that genius, however unknown or misunderstood for a season, will finally receive the grateful recognition of the universal human heart as we have that the retributions of a providential Deity are the inevitable embodiments and consequences of immutable right. The surest test of genius will thus always be found to be rather a moral than an intellectual one, its serene energy of divine abiding, its tranquil faith in the future. We might define genius very simply yet very truly to be, the faculty of giving forth fruit as from a tree of life, and of standing quietly and apart to witness the smack of men's lips at the taste thereof. So that there is an immortal correspondence between the patience of genius in producing, and the patience of humanity in its relish and its judgment of genius. Nor less direct and close is the correspondence between the hot haste of ingenuity to utter its conceits, and the hot haste of individuals to confer the reputation which ingenuity seeks with an insatiate greed. The affinities of Infinite Being best explain its antagonisms; its antagonisms clearest reveal the law and light of its affinities. Look to genius and ingenuity and behold a signal and striking confirmation of this statement; which statement is only another form of the truth that everything finds everywhere and at once its greatest Like and its greatest Unlike. Alas! what more fatal source of discord and despair than that we should so frequently find the primordial Like and the primordial Unlike in the same fact and the same individual? The essential index this of lovers' quarrels and of those volcanic atonements after burning curses and bitterest, fiercest wrath, which none but lovers feel or understand. Broad, however, as is the line which separates genius from ingenuity not only in themselves but in their relations and destiny, still the first form in which genius manifests itself is often ingenuity. To the young, whether the gift which they have received from God be genius or ingenuity, the new is more attractive than the true. Hence there are few men of genius who have not commenced their literary career by some splendid aberration from the beaten path. SCHILLER's "Robbers," GOETHE's "Werther," what were they but the outbursts of an impatient ingenuity which had not yet learned to wait? When it had learned to wait it was ingenuity no longer, but genius. In the early writings of great authors we remark an immense exuberance of ideas, while in their later writings the ideas are comparatively few. This does not argue any diminution of generative force. But in the first case ingenuity spurred on the young enthusiastic mind to the daring chase of ideas, while in the second genius in its sublime patience had only the ambition to elaborate one or two noble and invincible ideas into perfect and glorious symmetry. Such elaboration however may be carried too far and may convert the genius from the master into the slave of form. Thus GOETHE passed from luxuriant ingenuity into valiant genius, and from this into cold and classical artistism. SCHILLER and BYRON were rapidly sinking into mere artistism when they died. There are writers all whose productions, the earliest as well as the latest, evidence, in almost equal proportions, ingenuity, genius, and artistism. Of this SHELLEY is the most brilliant and

notable example; though perhaps it would be more correct to say that his ingenuity predominated over his artistism and his genius. English writers in general, however, are not remarkable for ingenuity. They either rise to genius or creep along the barren dull monotonous path of the commonplace. French writers are distinguished above all others and above all things for ingenuity. They just as seldom rise to the height of English genius as they fall down clumsily and cumbersomely into English platitudes. Give them method, antithesis, their own vanity and what they call style, and they will make a book for you, exceedingly ingenious, exceedingly amusing, but for all substantial purposes of thought and action, not worth a rush. German writers are subtle but not ingenious. Your dexterous Frenchman rarely dives below the surface, but he makes everything so flit and glitter and dance before the eye that you pardon the trick for the sake of the show; while your heavy German has always his nose in the ground poking for the roots of the simplest fact at the antipodes. When a German tries to combine his own subtlety with French ingenuity the result is anything but savory, as may be seen in FREDERICK SCHLEGEL's *Philosophy of Life*, a work of the greatest pretensions to depth, learning and wisdom, but prosy, silly, shallow and sophistical. The American authors who aim the most at originality endeavour to unite French ingenuity, German subtlety, English sentimentalism, all which strongly spiced with their own Yankee conceit make a very dismal mess. Yet there are persons in this shrewd and solid England of ours who mistake the dirty froth on the top of that mess for the sublimity of genius. How else can we account for the popularity of EMERSON? If English literature would retain its noble characteristics, it must keep clear of all these transcendental namby-pambyisms. Are we brought nearer God by calling him the Absolute? nearer the deep mysterious heart of the universe by gabbling about trine percipency and unityism? A literature has substance, strength, only in so far as it is individual, national. Next to religion, literature is at once the divinest utterance and food of a nation's soul. Now, just as there is an indestructible consonance between Protestantism and the English character, is there an equal consonance between the English character and the practical tendencies of English literature. That Englishman then is helping to corrupt the literature of his country who attempts to imbue it with ingenuities, either his own or borrowed from foreign literatures. If from any foreign literature the English mind can receive enlargement, fruitfulness, stimulation, it is well. It would be as absurd to object to this, as to travelling in foreign countries. But travel, while fertilizing our intellect and extending our experience, may weaken our attachment to the home of our fathers, and thus blunt our moral perceptions and harden our moral sensibilities. And foreign literatures likewise, though giving comprehensiveness to a nation's sight, may lessen that which is so much more valuable,—its insight, that through which in its holiest moments it is enabled to discern the hidden things of God. In order, therefore, that the English nation may never forget how much grander genius is than ingenuity, how much genius is the inspirer of virtue and virtue of genius, how close the connexion is between ingenuity and sophistry, sophistry and falsehood, falsehood and crime, it ought, while taking occasional excursions into foreign literature, to make its own literature and especially its older literature, its staple study. When we shall cease altogether to be patriots in literature, the moral life will have died for ever out of the people's heart.

A PROPHET.

THE *Quarterly Review* so lately as 1826, published the following on the railway projects then started. From this we may judge what is the value of its opinions on other topics, scientific, social, and political, when it ventures so dogmatically to assert, that whatever is, is right: whatever is new, wrong: whatever is difficult, impossible; and if it cannot thrust the world backward at least to keep it standing still. If all the press were like the *Quarterly*, what would be the condition of society?

As to those persons who speculate on making railways generally throughout the kingdom, and super-

seding all the canals, all the waggons, mails, and stage-coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every mode of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. What, for instance, can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the scheme in which a prospect is held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage coaches. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back Old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum. We trust that parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which we entirely agree with Mr. Silvester is as great as can be ventured upon with safety.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 62, 1826.

HISTORY.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First, King of France. By Miss PARDOE. In 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1849.

Is this intended for a romance, or for a history? If the former, Miss PARDOE has been too sparing of invention; if the latter, she has been too careless of her authorities. She protests, in her preface, that she had resolved not to insert a single incident into the work for which she had not "competent authority." But what a strange judgment of the value of authority must that be which accepts without questioning every stray morsel of gossip to be found in memoir, correspondence, and chronicle, however suspicious the source, whether real or a suspected forgery, whether filched from the escritoir of the statesman or swept from the servant's hall. But perhaps it was her purpose to write a book that should so much partake of the nature of romance that it might be read for a season, amuse for a season, and then be forgotten. If so she has fully succeeded in her aim. This is a very pleasant book, a charming book, for an after-dinner lounge, or a dull morning; a real circulating library book, full of gossip, and anecdote, and peeps behind the scenes, and court scandals, and dashing pictures of chivalry, and war, and pageantry, and revel—all admirable materials for a romance; but not history, or anything in the shape of history.

Miss PARDOE is entitled to considerable credit for this—that she has handled a coarse and indelicate subject with singular delicacy. To describe truly the court and times of Francis the First, it would be necessary to describe many glowing and many disgusting scenes of licentious debauchery. Every memoir that remains to us abounds in them, and no little skill was requisite to omit them without leaving manifest gaps in the story. Miss PARDOE's skill and experience as a literary artist have enabled her to do this; but then the result has been achieved at the sacrifice of the truth and completeness of the whole. The history has been spoiled for the sake of the historian. The conclusion to be drawn from this is, that the subject was an unfortunate one for a lady's enterprise.

Miss PARDOE's style is well known to our readers. It is uncommonly *dashing*. She "speaks right on." With a quick flow of ideas she has a ready command of words, and it is plain that her pen flies over the paper, and that she rarely pauses to correct or blot. This has its advantages and its disadvantages; but the advantages predominate in such a composition as that upon our table. A soberer style would not have assorted with the general lightness and frivolity of the matter.

And yet from such a book as this we might

make many more amusing extracts than from most of the books of infinitely greater substantial value that come before us for review. Its pages are fruitful of the sort of anecdote and story which make so pleasant a variety in the columns of a literary journal. *Voilà!*

FRANCIS's treatment of his favourites displayed the proverbial ingratitude of Princes. This was the melancholy end of

THE COUNTESS DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

The heart of Françoise de Foix was crushed within her. She was only too well aware of the nature of the reception which she must expect from her outraged husband, even should he consent once more to accord to her the shelter of his roof; and although her pride bade her take the decisive step of self-exile from that court of which she had so lately been the idol, there were a thousand conflicting fears, and terrors, and even hopes, which induced her to delay her purpose. Day after day, therefore, she lingered; but at length, on the return of the royal circle to Chambord, oppressed by insult and heart-sick with disappointment, she resolved to decide her fate.

While in the capital she had already become aware that the king studiously avoided every opportunity of finding himself alone with her, and there it had been easy for him to do so; but his habits in the country were more exclusive and independent, and the unhappy woman trusted even yet that in a private interview, should she succeed in obtaining it, she might awaken in his bosom some of the old and cherished feelings of the past.

The very name of Chambord was a spell in her favour. Had not the king declared that it was for her sake he desired to see his favourite retreat become splendid beyond all the palaces of France? Had he not assured her that the costly mirrors which lined its saloons were intended principally to reflect her beauties, and the magnificent works of art in which it abounded to administer to her luxury? And yet, the walls had scarcely been raised, the skill of the painter and the statuary had been but partially employed, and already another lorded it where she was to have reigned supreme.

Surely this could not last! It must be merely a frightful dream, from which she should once more awaken to light and joy! It could not be at Chambord that her royal lover would coldly sacrifice her to a rival! And then the erring wife dashed away her tears to gaze upon the costly contents of her casket, where, pillowed upon velvet, lay the glittering gems presented to her at different periods by the king, and which were of almost fabulous value. She thought not of their intrinsic worth, however, as she bent over them with dim eyes and a throbbing heart; to her they were indeed beyond all price, but that was simply because their enamelled setting was enriched with the device of the salamander, the crest of Francis, their entwined initials, and sundry tender mottoes, invented by Marguerite de Valois at the express request of the king, for their embellishment.

How clearly and acutely did she recall the occasion upon which each had been proffered! He had clasped that bracelet upon her arm, as an earnest of their reconciliation, when after having reproached her with her love for Bonivert, he had followed up his remonstrances by engraving with a diamond that he wore upon his finger, on one of the panes of the window near which they stood, the often quoted lines—

Souvent femme varie,
Mal habile qui s'y fie—

and had been rebuked by her silent tears. And it was here, at Chambord, that the bracelet had been clasped on! That carcanet—that ring—each had its memory, and it was for these that she valued them. They threw her back upon the past—the brilliant past—and although she loved a monarch, she was still weak enough to hope even amid her fears.

Thus had she been engaged when, on a brilliant day in summer, she saw the king traversing the parterre in front of the palace, accompanied by Primaticcio; and aware that the Italian would offer no impediment to her project, but would retire as soon as she approached, she impulsively threw on her mantle; and hurrying to the garden, took a by-path that led immediately to the point towards which she at once discovered that they were bent. Her anticipations were correct, for on

turning an angle Francis suddenly came upon her ere he had time to evade the meeting. As he recognised her he started and involuntarily retreated a pace or two; but the countess remained rooted to the spot. Her hands were clasped tightly together, her eyes rivetted upon his face, and the words, "Hear me, sire!" escaped her trembling lips.

Thus addressed, Francis slightly raised his plumed hat and approached her; while Primaticcio discreetly retraced his steps, until he was beyond the reach of their voices.

"Were you seeking me, madame?" asked the king coldly.

"Alas! yes, sire; and I have lately done so unavailingly," replied the countess with effort.

"If it be to reproach me that you are here, countess—"

"Nay, not so!" exclaimed Françoise de Foix. "Not so; who shall dare reproach the King of France? I am here only to crave one word, one little word of kindness, ere I leave the court for ever."

"Leave the court, madame!" echoed Francis with ill-concealed gratification. "Is not your resolution somewhat sudden? Not, however," he added with a chilling courtesy which fell like an icicle upon the agitated spirit of his victim; "that we would seek to detain you near us if you have other and more pressing duties. We are already too deeply your debtor for the charm which you have long, very long, thrown over our circle. Do you purpose returning to Brittany?"

Françoise de Foix pressed her hand heavily upon her heart to still its throbbings, as she answered with an ineffectual attempt at composure, "With the permission of your majesty."

"It shall not be withheld, madame, since such is your desire; and it will give us sincere pleasure to hear of your prosperity and happiness in your retirement." And once more the plumed hat was gracefully raised from the royal brow; a gesture of the hand brought the great artist again to the side of the king, and the dishonoured wife was left standing alone under the bright sky and the waving boughs, as Francis of France and his *protégé* resumed their walk.

And she stood there long, paralyzed alike in mind and limb. She had indeed, in her moments of despondency, apprehended that she might be permitted to depart, but never that she should depart *thus*—without one regret—without one expostulation—without one word of tenderness or explanation. Alas, poor woman! she had not paused to reflect that princes do not condescend to temporise when their interests are not involved. What was she now but a pebble in the path of the king, which, for his greater convenience, had been removed? Sympathy! Where could she look for sympathy? The guilty have no friends. What a tide of thought and memory rolled over her brain in the brief half hour that she stood there—there, where the monarch who had lured her to her ruin, had left her without a sigh! what visions of the giddy height from which she had fallen—the fatal precipice down which she had recklessly plunged—the foul stain which she had affixed to an honourable name, and the inexorable husband by whom her dishonour would be avenged! And then, with a frantic grasp, she clutched her mantle about her, and staggered back, drunk with despair, to the mocking splendour of her luxurious apartment.

And one gentle look, one kindly expression, might have softened the fiercest pang of this unutterable anguish, and left her at least an illusion with which to brighten the fearful future; but the boon, poor as it was, had been denied.

Truly Francis I, the vaunted of history, and the heir of fame, was a chivalrous monarch!

The same evening, in the circle of the duchess-mother, the king announced with a courtesy at once suave and statly, that the Countess de Chateaubriand, whose health had been for some time precarious, had solicited his permission to retire from the court; a request to which, under the circumstances, he had reluctantly acceded. The astonishment elicited by this intelligence was universal. The eyes of Louise de Savoie and the Duchess d'Etampes sought each other, and exchanged a look of triumph; while the Princess Marguerite silently averted her head, and by a powerful effort retained the tears which endeavoured to force their way. The die was, however, cast, for this public announcement from the lips of the king had effectually

prevented all change of purpose on the part of the countess; and nothing now remained for her save to depart, and expiate by a future of remorse the errors of the past.

And fearfully were they indeed expiated. Varillas and Sauval both assert that on her return to Brittany—for she offered herself on her retirement from the court a passive victim to the vengeance of her husband—M. de Châteaubriand imprisoned her for a time in a vault beneath the chateau into which the light could not penetrate; and subsequently caused the veins of her arms and feet to be opened, by which she bled to death. This account is, however, not universally credited; although it is certain that she was subjected by her infuriated husband to the most cruel and unrelenting treatment; which, added to the despair that had taken possession of her mind after her last interview with the king, rendered her weary of life, and ill able to contend against another and an unlooked-for mortification, which gave the last blow to her bruised and broken spirit.

Here is a story very well told if it had only been a chapter in a novel. But it is put forth as a serious narrative of fact. We would ask Miss PARDOE who could have reported this conversation? Where was the short-hand-writer who took notes? Who was the penny-a-liner who worked it up?

THE KING AND THE COUNTESS.

It was during a hunting-party in the forest of Bussy, when, fatigued and heated with the chase, Francis reined up his panting horse beside the palfrey of the young countess; and with one hand caressing its silken mane, received with a fond smile her whispered compliments upon his prowess, that this great and eventful change was fated to be arranged. Long as she had meditated upon it, and anxious as she had become to insure its success, a certain timidity had hitherto restrained her from entering formally upon the subject; but on this occasion, a single question from the enamoured monarch liberated her at once from her difficulty. They were alone, and secure for a time from all interruption; the hunt having led the whole of the royal suite to another and a distant quarter of the forest; the sunlight fell in living mosaics upon the mossy turf, when the quivering leaves afforded it a momentary passage; and the low sweet wind, as it wandered past, swept the long ringlets of the countess almost to the cheek of her companion as he leant towards her.

"On the faith of a gentleman!" exclaimed Francis; "you have followed the hunt bravely to-day, and have shamed many a cavalier, who will nevertheless vaunt of his prowess at the banquet erewhile. But where were your thoughts, *ma mie*? I could not watch them as I did your bright eyes, and your slender figure." And he looked tenderly in her face, as though he already anticipated the flattering answer.

"I need surely not inform your majesty that they were, as ever, fixed upon yourself; but, alas! not with undivided happiness," said the lady.

"And why so?" demanded the king abruptly: "These are strange words from the lips of Françoise de Foix."

"They are, Sire; but they are at least truthful. Are you not all the world to me? And can I reflect upon any possible injury to your august name without dismay?"

"You speak in enigmas, *Madame*; I scarcely know you in this new character. Explain your meaning, and let us once more understand each other."

"My duty is obedience," said the beautiful countess, as she suffered her large lustrous eyes to rest for a moment upon the hand which was still plunged amid the mane of her palfrey, and then raised them timidly and tearfully to the face of the king; "With your image was blended that of the Comte de Bourbon."

"Ha! our good cousin Charles de Montpensier," smiled Francis; "and what of him, fair dame?"

"Simply, Sire, that your royal favour has rendered him too arrogant for the subject of such a master, and that I have certain advices from Milan, which lead me to suspect his loyalty. Already the most wealthy and powerful noble of France, he has nothing to anticipate at home; and his ambition is no secret."

Francis started, and sat erect in his saddle.

"The duchy of Milan," pursued the countess;

"would be a tempting exchange for the sword of Conestable; and M. de Bourbon has already secured the hearts of his vice-regal subjects."

"Ha, indeed!" exclaimed her listener vehemently; "is it so? In good truth this must be looked to. But in whom can we trust, if Charles de Montpensier, whom we have raised to the highest dignity in the realm, turn traitor to our interests?"

"One for whom your Majesty has done less," said Françoise steadily; "One who still remembers at whose hands he holds his favour; and who has already afforded proof both of his loyalty and his devotion."

"True," replied the king thoughtfully, and with a moody brow; "doubtless there are many such in our good kingdom of France; but the choice will be no easy one. Besides, Marguerite loves Bourbon like a brother, and will reproach me should I offer him an affront."

"The loss of the Milanese would be an affront to your Majesty which no reproach could reach," retorted the favourite.

"On the faith of a gentleman, you are right, madam!" almost shouted Francis; who was stung to the very core by the bare supposition of such an indignity; "The Comestable shall be recalled. And now, since you have become a counsellor, and plunged into the stormy sea of state affairs, you must complete your work, and help me to select his successor."

"Your Majesty has not forgotten Ravenna?" asked the countess with her most sunny smile.

"The eye of the young king brightened. "Ha! I read the meaning of that fair plotting face. No, *ma mie*, I have forgotten neither Ravenna, nor the brilliant services of your brother; but you should also remember that he is already a Marshal of France."

"The Duke de Bourbon is Constable," said the countess boldly; "and, like Lautrec, owes his dignity to your majesty."

"Why! you have suddenly become as uncompromising as Duprat himself!" laughed Francis, as he touched her cheek lightly with his fringed glove; "Enough, however, for the present; this shall be considered."

"You will not consult the duchess, Sire?" asked Françoise anxiously.

"Not if you forbid it; but here come the hunt, with de Guise and Fleuranges in the van. Ha! on the faith of a gentleman, they have lost their quarry!"

"And I my cause, Sire—the first which I have ever undertaken. Pardon me; I overrated my influence with your majesty." And the spoilt beauty burst into tears, half of mortification and half of disappointment.

"Françoise!" exclaimed the young king, hurriedly extending his hand, which she clasped in her slender fingers; "dear Françoise, dry your eyes, or you will unman me. Your cause is won. Lautrec shall have the Milanese."

The countess had no time for thanks. In another instant all the sportsmen were grouped about the king, the plumes of their hats mingling with the manes of their horses, as they were respectfully withdrawn; the details of the unsuccessful hunt were rapidly given; and then, with tightened reins, the whole noble party galloped back to Chambord.

Francis redeemed his pledge.

The same remark applies to the following. It should be premised that LAUTREC had been defeated in Lombardy, owing, as he declared, to the interception of a sum of 400,000 crowns which had been ordered for the service.

"And the four hundred thousand crowns, M. le Maréchal?" exclaimed the king somewhat less sharply; "Surely they might, had they been properly dispensed, have silenced these clamours for a time."

"They would have done more!" replied Lautrec; "they would have saved the duchy; but no portion of that promised supply ever crossed the Alps."

"Let M. de Semblançay be instantly summoned," cried Francis with a kindling eye to the usher on duty; "It may be that we have done you injustice, M. le Maréchal; and yet—there must be some mistake; the Baron de Semblançay is an old and tried subject; he has never yet failed either me or my predecessors. None knew better than he the difficulty with which so large a sum was raised, nor the importance of its immediate transmission. Come forward, father, come for-

ward," he continued, as the old Minister of Finance, whom he was accustomed thus to address, and for whom he affected an attachment, even that of a sovereign towards his most favoured subject, made his appearance at the threshold. "What is this which M. de Lautrec tells us? He asserts that the four hundred thousand crowns raised by my order for the supply of the army of Italy, never reached his camp. Through what channel were they transmitted?"

"M. le Maréchal has rightly informed your Majesty," said de Semblançay. "Her highness the duchess claimed the money as I was about to expedite it, by virtue of her authority as regent of the kingdom; and I hold her receipt for the whole sum."

"My mother," murmured Francis, a red spot rising to his brow; "there must be some mistake; but she can doubtless explain it. Follow me, M. le Ministre."

The usher threw back the heavy tapestry which veiled the door of the audience chamber, and the king disappeared behind it with a rapid step, followed by M. de Semblançay.

When they reached the private apartments of Madame d'Angoulême, she rose with a smile to welcome her son, but Francis was too much excited to waste time in empty courtesies: "Do you know what you have done, Madame?" he exclaimed, as he threw himself upon a seat; "You have lost me the Milanese."

The duchess raised her fine eyes in astonishment. "Your Majesty is in error," she said with a slight sneer; "that was a feat reserved for M. de Lautrec—for the brother of Madame de Châteaubriand."

"I repeat, Madame, that you have lost me the Milanese, by withholding the supplies which I had destined for my troops."

"I deny the charge," said the duchess haughtily; "Who dares accuse me of this?"

"M. de Semblançay is my informant," was the reply of the king, as he glanced alternately at his mother and the venerable minister.

"How, sir!" exclaimed Louise de Savoie, with a frown which might have paralysed a less firm spirit than that of the old baron; "dare you assert that I have held back the moneys of the state?"

"It is at least certain, Madam," replied M. de Semblançay, "that the sum of four hundred thousand crowns, destined by his Majesty for the service of the Milanese, was paid over by me into your hands, at your express command; and that I hold your receipt, which I demanded at the time."

"But that sum, M. le Ministre," said the duchess, fixing her eyes steadily upon those of the old statesman, as if to prompt his answer; "that sum, you are aware, was due to me, and was the amount of the savings of many years, placed in your hands, for better security, and of which I chanced at that particular moment to stand in need. You should have explained this matter to the king."

The minister was silent.

"Why did you not inform me of so important a circumstance, M. de Semblançay?" asked Francis impatiently. "We might then have applied some remedy; whereas the evil is now beyond recall. Why did you not at once acquaint me with the whole of the affair?"

"I was not aware, sir," was the steady reply, "that her Highness believed herself to have any claim upon the money in question, or that she had been in the habit of limiting her outlay within her means."

"Do you intend the king to understand that I had not entrusted you with that sum?" asked Louise de Savoie emphatically.

"Assuredly, Madam. It is my first duty to justify myself to my sovereign; and I therefore, with all due respect to your highness, religiously declare that I have never yet held in my hands moneys which were your private property."

"Have a care, sir!" exclaimed the duchess in a tone of menace; but before she could proceed to give utterance to the threat that quivered on her lips, the young king had sprung up;—

"Enough, enough!" he said, with an emotion which was unable to control; "we need not aggravate an evil which is already too great. Let this subject never be renewed; and may we in future better understand how to uphold our common interests."

The upright old minister was not, however, to be thus silenced, and he forthwith insisted that commissioners should be appointed to examine the public ac-

counts, and to report the result of their labours to the king; thus forcing upon him the conviction of his own honesty and the treachery of his mother; a pertinacity which was never forgiven by the vindictive duchess, who felt that the confidence which had hitherto been placed in her by her son must be seriously shaken by such an exposure.

We must add Miss PARDOE's estimate of

FRANCIS AS A RULER.

The young king no sooner found himself at liberty to regulate his own studies, than he laid aside all books, save those chivalrous romances in which, from his earliest boyhood, he had delighted, and upon which he sought to model his own character. Nor was it long ere he infected all the young nobles about his person with the same extravagant and romantic fancy. The Knights of the Round Table became the models of the French courtiers, and the palace of Charlemagne their ideal habitation; while the beauties of the court eagerly welcomed a state of society in which they were outwardly worshipped as goddesses, despite the concealed contempt which the frailties of too many among them might induce. Moreover, Louise de Savoie, who idolized her son, and was proud of his personal beauty and accomplishments, in order to retain her power over his mind, encouraged him in every caprice which could flatter his vanity, or consolidate her own influence; and she, consequently, offered rather furtherance than objection to a puerile ambition beneath the dignity of a great monarch, who soon learned to consider animal courage as the highest virtue to which a sovereign could attain; and to neglect the more important tactics of modern warfare, while he attached an undue value to mere personal prowess.

Nor was this vital mistake in the field compensated by prudence in the internal economy of the nation; for, already constitutionally enamoured of whatever was magnificent and striking, the favourite studies of Francis led him to suppose that all minor considerations should give way before the regal state by which it was his passion to surround himself; a fatal error, which was destined to be expiated by his subjects; while, in order the more thoroughly to embody the personage of his excitable imagination, he taught himself to believe that a monarch who was also a true knight should neither give battle, nor retreat before a superior force. His leading ambition was to be at once a great king and a *preux chevalier*; courteous and liberal towards the other sex, and absolute with his own. To him the members of the national parliaments, the most powerful of his nobility and the bulk of his people, were alike as regarded his sovereign will and rule; he admitted no opposition to his power, recognised no right of opinion save his own, and brooked neither dissent nor delay when once his pleasure was made known.

These were sufficiently dangerous elements in the nature of one called at so early an age to govern a great nation; but the redeeming quality of Francis was an elevation of character that led him to emulate both the physical and moral heroism of which he had made his idol; and thus, his very errors were an aspect of kingly splendour, which dazzled even those who were capable of appreciating their danger; and which has subsequently served as their palliation with the majority of his historians.

And we conclude with

THE DEATH OF FRANCIS.

He received the sacraments of the church; and his persecutions of the Protestants had apparently convinced him so thoroughly of his own salvation, that he expired peacefully, while the ashes of his victims were still floating between earth and heaven.

To say that he died unregretted would be to assert a fallacy. Too many interests were interwoven with his existence to render such an event possible. He had, moreover, during the later period of his life, laboured to replenish the national treasury; in which attempt, despite the enormous outlay consequent upon the various wars that he had undertaken, and the expensive character of his court, in which to the last he introduced no retrenchment, he had so far succeeded as to bequeath to his successor the sum of four hundred thousand crowns. But his death was not accompanied, like that of Louis XII., with the tears and regrets of his subjects. Three great events alone had signalized his reign—

the victory of Marignano, the restoration of literature, and the struggle which he had sustained against Charles V.

And what had been the actual result even of these? The glory of Marignano had been quenched at Pavia; at which period his reign, as affected his own greatness, may well be said to have terminated; for his after-triumphs were all inconsequent and valueless. He never again hazarded his personal safety in an open engagement, although he was rigorous in his punishment of those through whose errors or want of courage he failed in the accomplishment of his designs; and it was therefore the nation which fought, and bled, and suffered, not its sovereign. He invited learned men to his court; lured them thither by the brightest prospects and the most extravagant promises; and then, not content with disappointing the hopes that he had raised, not only ceased to encourage them when they no longer ministered to his own gratification and that of his favourites, but even persecuted them for their religious opinions, and abandoned them to the stake, to the rack, and to the anathemas of a bigoted priesthood.

That he manfully met, and boldly opposed, the usurpation of Charles V. is quite true; but to what abiding benefit had he turned this opposition? It had been throughout rather a personal struggle than a great question of national policy. Charles was the only sovereign of whose prowess he was jealous, and whose supremacy wounded his pride alike as a sovereign and as a soldier. He had expended millions, and sacrificed a fearful amount of human life, only to leave his kingdom to his son as he had received it from his predecessor. He had gained no territory, secured no advantage, realized no triumph. It is certain that he had driven the conqueror of Germany, Asia, Africa, and Turkey from his kingdom, but it must also be remembered that he had been unable to arrest his march even to the very neighbourhood of his capital.

While the king was in the last agony, the dauphin, who, whatever might be his failings, was endowed with a depth of feeling which caused him for the moment to forget all his real or imagined wrongs, cast himself in a fit of bitter grief upon the bed of his wife; while Catherine de Medici herself, seated upon a low stool, remained with her face buried in her hands, like one utterly oppressed by sorrow; and did not reply to his lamentations by a single syllable. There were, however, other watchers in that spacious room, as anxious although less absorbed than either the future sovereign or his wife. The one was Diane de Poitiers, who, with flashing eyes and hurried step traversed the floor, listening to every sound, and awaiting from moment to moment the announcement which was to make her a queen in all save the empty name; and the other was the Count d'Aumale, the friend and favourite of the dauphin, who in his impatience, repeatedly passed from the chamber of the dauphiness to the ante-room of the dying king; exclaiming in an accent of undisguised triumph from time to time; "The lady-killer is going!"

Francis finally expired on the 31st of March, 1547, and was buried with a magnificence far surpassing anything which had yet been witnessed in France; eleven cardinals assisted at his obsequies, and the ceremony extended over two-and-twenty days. The bodies of his two sons, the dauphin Francis and Charles Duke d'Orleans, were conveyed to St. Denis together with his own; and Henry II. succeeded to the vacant throne.

BIOGRAPHY.

Personal Recollections of the Life and Times, with Extracts from the Correspondence, of Valentine Lord Cloncurry. Dublin: McGlashan. 1849.

LORD CLONCURRY was born in 1773, and received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, subsequently entering at the Temple with intent to practise at the bar. But he was diverted from his legal studies by the pursuit of politics, which better pleased a somewhat excitable disposition, and the Honorable V. B. LAWLESS, such was his name before his accession to the title of his father, soon

became distinguished among the United Irishmen whose society he joined, aiding them by the influence of his name and actively exerting himself by speech and pen to promote the objects of the association. This soon attracted towards him the jealous attention of the government; he was surrounded with spies, and on their report arrested. This was in the year 1798. He was repeatedly examined before the privy council, but he steadily refused to afford his questioners any information, and he was discharged after about six weeks detention in the house of the King's messenger. When liberated, he offered to answer the queries to which he had declined to reply under compulsion. The incident appears for a time to have sobered his political enthusiasm, and for upwards of a twelvemonth he took no part in the agitations of the time; but this may partly have resulted from another cause—he had formed an attachment and engaged himself for marriage. But he once more plunged into the thick of the conflict, was arrested in May, 1799, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower, where he remained for nearly two years, being liberated only on the expiration of the statute that had suspended the Habeas Corpus Act. This was undoubtedly a severe and unconstitutional proceeding. He was charged with no crime, he was merely committed for being a suspected person. The consequences were very serious to him; the lady to whom he was engaged died of grief; his father died, and in his anger devised away from him all the property that was not entailed. The imprisonment itself was unnecessarily severe. He was not permitted to be alone; two gaolers were stationed in his cell day and night; pen and ink were denied to him, and other petty vexations were inflicted altogether unworthy a civilized government.

On his release he devoted himself for a time to the settlement of his affairs, which had fallen into great disorder during his long imprisonment, and then, in 1802, he quitted Ireland for a tour on the Continent, in which he occupied nearly three years, and the incidents of which are somewhat tediously detailed in this volume. Returning, he took up his abode upon his estates, and actively employed himself in agricultural improvements and the amelioration of the condition of his peasantry, occasionally taking part in public meetings, or writing to the newspapers, and always exhibiting a passion for the nationality of Ireland, of whose sincerity and disinterestedness it is impossible to doubt. But, although a steady repealer, he was a rational one; believing that repeal would benefit Ireland, he was indignant at the use made of the cry by the trading politicians, and he was always willing to accept any practical measure of improvement from any quarter. Hence the cordial support he gave to the government of the Marquis of ANGLESEY, because he believed him to be honestly desirous of promoting the substantial welfare of Ireland, and thus was Lord CLONCURRY enabled materially to benefit his countrymen by the advice and assistance which was often asked of him by the Lord Lieutenant, and always cheerfully given. This correspondence forms, perhaps, the most curious and interesting portion of the *Recollections*.

A life so varied, an acquaintance so large, the memories of men in an epoch more changeable than any the world has witnessed, could not fail to be attractive, and the liberal use which the noble author has made of his correspondence, however questionable the propriety of the proceeding, undoubtedly adds

largely to its interest and value, which can best be exhibited by extracts. From among the many tempting ones that offer themselves we can take but few.

During his continental tour Lord CLONCURRY was introduced to

BONAPARTE.

There was, however, another sight to be seen at that time in Paris, more extraordinary than any public fête or spectacle could possibly be; and being anxious to have an opportunity of forming a judgment for myself as to the appearance and manners of the greatest man then in the world, I asked the British Minister, Mr. Merry, to present me to the First Consul. As my residence in the Tower had prevented me from paying my respects at St James's, Mr. Merry made some difficulty about standing sponsor for me at the court of Napoleon; at the same time assuring me, that his refusal was occasioned altogether by the necessity for complying with strict regulations upon the subject of presentations, laid down by the First Consul himself. The difficulty, however, proved to be a trifling one; as when the subject was mentioned to Bonaparte, by Marshal Berthier, with whom I was made acquainted by General Lawless, he not only permitted me to be presented to him, but accompanied the permission with an invitation to attend a grand review, and to dine with him on the day of presentation. The occasion, at which Lord Holland was also present, was a remarkable one. We were received in the magnificent rooms of the Tuileries, in great state; the stairs and anterooms being lined by men of the corps d'élite, in their splendid uniforms and baldricks of buff leather edged with silver. Upon our introduction, refreshments were offered, and a circle was formed as at a private entrée. Napoleon entered freely into conversation with Lord Holland and myself; inquiring, among other matters, respecting the meaning of an Irish peerage; the peculiar character of which, and its difference from an English peerage, I had some difficulty in making him comprehend. While we were conversing, three knocks were heard at the door, and a deputation from the Conservative Senate presented itself, as if unexpectedly, and was admitted. The leader of the deputation addressed the First Consul in a set oration, tendering him the Consulate for life; to which he responded in an *extempore* speech,—which, nevertheless, he read from a paper concealed in the crown of his hat.

Bonaparte was at that time very slight and thin in person, and, as far as I could judge, not possessed of much more information upon general subjects than of confidence in his own oratorical powers. Upon my expressing some surprise afterwards at the character of his remarks, I recollect General Lawless telling me that he and some other Irishmen (I believe Wolfe Tone was among them) had a short time before been engaged in a discussion with him respecting a project for the invasion of Ireland; when, after making many inquiries, and hearing their answers, he remarked that "it was a pity so fine a country should be so horribly infested with wolves." Lawless and his companions assured him that such was not the case; to which he deigned no reply but a contemptuous "Bah!"

Here is an anecdote illustrative of the manner in which suspicion will convert everything to its own purposes:

THE SEAL OF THE REPUBLIC.

At the time of Lord Edward's arrest, his wife (the well-known Pamela) had taken refuge with my sisters; and was, at the time, in my father's house in Merriam-street, though without his knowledge. She was pursued there by the police in search of papers; and some which she had concealed in her bedroom were discovered and seized. Among other prizes taken, I believe, upon this occasion, was a seal, pronounced by the *guidunnes* of the Castle to be the intended great seal of the Irish republic. In Appendix, No. 23, of the Report of the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Commons, printed in 1799, there is an engraving of the impression of this seal found in the custody of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, when he was apprehended, together with the following description: "In a circle, Hibernia holding in her right hand an imperial crown over a shield. On her left hand is an Irish harp, over it a dagger, and at its foot lie two hogs." It was but lately that this

engraving, and its inscription, fell under my notice, when in the former, much to my surprise, I recognised an old acquaintance, the little history of which may be amusing now, when the treason-mongering mistake it discloses is no longer likely to open a path to the scaffold. The seal which the Committee of Secrecy looked upon with so much horror, was a cast from an original cut for me by Strongitharm, the celebrated gem engraver, during one of my earliest visits to London. The device is a harp, from which Britannia (not Hibernia) has removed with the right hand, not an imperial but an Irish crown, and planted a dagger in its stead. Her left hand is represented as breaking the strings of the harp; at the foot of which lie, not two hogs, but two Irish wolf dogs sleeping at their post. All this is very plain to be seen, even in the vignette of the Secret Committee. Britannia is arrayed in her ordinary helmet; and her shield, bearing the cross of St. George, lies beside her; the crown in her hand is as unlike the imperial crown as can well be imagined; it is manifestly the old Irish pointed diadem. The seal itself was not designed for the broad seal of the Irish, or of any other republic; but was simply a fancy emblem which I chose to illustrate my patriotic enthusiasm; just as the oak tree with its motto of "Quiet good sense," which I have already described, was selected for the device of his seal, by my friend John Reeves, in typification of his ultra-toryism. From the original, which is a fine cornelian, and is still in my possession, I had a few casts made in glass, by Tassie of Leicester Square—a well-known artist of the day. One of these casts, given by me to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, became renowned in story under the *imprimatur* of the Committee of Secrecy. In order to relieve poor Strongitharm's memory from the stain of having his Britannia mistaken for Hibernia, and his dogs for hogs, I have had the engraving of the Committee copied in the annexed vignette.

The men and manners of a past age are vividly brought before us in the earlier reminiscences. This was one of the characters to whom Mr. LAWLESS was introduced in London:

MACNAMARA, THE CONVEYANCER.

There was, among the notables of London of that day, another Macnamara, whose position was very curiously illustrative of the state of society at the time, and especially of the character of the relation that subsisted between the two kingdoms. Mr. Macnamara, to whom I now refer, notwithstanding the impediments of being an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, was, in the latter part of the last century, a very celebrated conveyancer in London; and, from his position, upon terms of the closest intimacy with the highest members of the legal profession. He was also land-agent, or steward to the Duke of Bedford; but the most extraordinary of his occupations was that of London agent for political affairs to several of the public men of Ireland. In that capacity he was retained by Lord Clonmel, then Chief Justice, at a regular salary of 400*l.* a-year. He was, in like manner, bound to the service of several other Irish politicians, by stipends fixed at various rates; and even my father, who was neither placeman nor place-hunter, constantly paid him 100*l.* a-year. What his duties in this strange employment were, it would not be easy to define: his commission was a general one—to take care of the interests of his employers at the Court, and to keep them informed in reference to all political events that might concern them individually, or the country. To realise to one's mind, now-a-days, any conception of the uses of so singular an office, one must first forget the fact that thirteen hours now suffice for a journey to London, which can be performed with scarcely as much fatigue as would attend a ride of thirty miles; and must next call to memory the correlative fact that, at the period of which I write, a dangerous and often tedious sea passage, and a land journey of two or three days, was to be got over, in accomplishing the same purpose. Consequently, information which an Irish Chief Justice, or peer, or even a place-hunting barrister, could, at the present time, get for himself, by running over to the seat of government, at the cost of a few pounds and an absence of three or four days, would, in the last century, have been unobtainable in time for use, but for the services of such an agent as Mr. Macnamara. Unfortunately for Ire-

land, Irish politicians of this day enjoy a fatal facility for absenteeism, of which they are but too ready to avail themselves.

At the period of my early visits to London, Mr. Macnamara's mode of conducting the business of his agency was infinitely more interesting to me than the nature of the business itself; and a strange mode it was. His table was open to his Irish employers and their connexions; and there was to be met the *élite* of the London society of the day. At his villa at Streatham, near Croydon, where his hospitality shone out with the greatest brilliancy, his larder was a sort of public curiosity, and was usually shown to his visitors as such. It was always provisioned as for a siege, which, in fact, it sustained every Sunday, when a large, and very often a most agreeable, dinner-party assembled. On these occasions it was no unusual event for the Prince of Wales to attend uninvited, as did also men of the highest rank and note in both houses of Parliament. Having a general invitation, I was frequently a Sunday guest at Streatham, and made many lasting acquaintanceships during those pleasant symposia, the agreeability of which was, however, sometimes diversified by an afterpiece in the fashion of the time. I remember, upon one Sunday night, coming up just in time to save Lord and Lady William Russell from being rifled by highwaymen on Blackheath. They had left Streatham before me, but I drove up to their rescue about ten minutes after they had fallen into the hands of some gentlemen of the road, who took a hasty departure upon hearing the approach of my carriage. Such events as this were of daily occurrence in the neighbourhood of London in those days, and excited but little attention.

He met at Rome

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

Among the prominent members of Roman society in those days, was the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal York; with whom I became somewhat of a favourite, probably by virtue of addressing him as "Majesty," and thus going a step farther than the Duke of Sussex, who was on familiar terms with him, and always applied to him the style of Royal Highness.

The Cardinal was in the receipt of an income of eight or nine thousand pounds a year; of which he received 4,000*l.* from his royal rival, George III., and the remainder from his ecclesiastical benefices. This revenue was then in Italy equivalent at least to 20,000*l.*; and it enabled his eminence to assume somewhat of royal state. He was waited upon with all suitable ceremony, and his equipages were numerous and splendid, and freely placed at the disposal of his guests. He was in the habit of receiving visitors very hospitably at his villa Frescati; where I was often a guest, and was frequently amused by a reproduction of the scenes between Sancho Panza and his physician, during the reign of the squire in the island of Barataria. His eminence was an invalid, and under a strict regimen; but as he still retained his tastes for savoury meats, a contest usually took place between him and his servants for the possession of rich diet, which they formally set before him, and then endeavoured to snatch away, while he, with great eagerness, strove to seize it in its transit. Among the Cardinal's most favourite attendants was a miserable cur dog, which probably having been cast off by its master as being neither useful nor ornamental, one day attached itself to his eminence at the gate of St. Peter's, an occurrence to which he constantly referred as a proof of his true royal blood,—the cur being, as he supposed, a King Charles spaniel, and therefore endowed with an instinctive hereditary acquaintance with the house of Stuart. Upon the occasion of my visit to Frescati, I presented the Cardinal with a telescope, which he seemed to fancy, and received from him in return the large medal struck in honour of his accession to his unsubstantial throne. Upon one side of this medal was the royal bust, with the Cardinal's hat, and the words "Henricus nonus, Dei gratia Rex;" and upon the other, the arms of England, with the motto on the exergue—"Haud desideris hominum, sed voluntate Dei."

At Rome he also formed an acquaintance with

CANOVA.

I was a frequent visitor at his studio, and was often favoured with his advice when making purchases of

works of art. Canova was a thorough liberal and patriot; though his devotion to Art, and the modesty of his nature, prevented him from expressing his feelings respecting the condition of his country in any public manner. In private society, nevertheless, I had abundant opportunities of observing and admiring the workings of his grand yet simple mind; and when liberty and human progress were the subjects of his thoughts, they were not unworthy of an ancient Roman. During my residence in Rome, I was commissioned by some parties in London to engage Canova to execute a statue of Francis Duke of Bedford, for which the subscribers were willing to give a large price. He was, however, obliged to decline the engagement, saying, that if he had another lease of life, he would be unable to execute the works he had been forced to undertake.

And with

THE PRETENDER'S WIDOW.

While speaking of the *debris* of the house of Stuart, I may mention Louisa de Stollberg, Madame D'Albany, the widow of the Pretender, Charles Edward, and the *chère amie*, or privately-married wife of Count Alfieri, the celebrated poet. At the time of my first residence in Italy, this lady lived in Florence, where, as well as at Rome, she was one of the leaders of society. She paid me a lengthened visit in the latter city, and I was frequently a guest at her house. Upon these occasions, Alfieri was in the habit of sitting on a sofa, in a sort of state, not mingling with the company, but conversing with those who came about him, always provided there was no Frenchman among the number. For the whole French nation he entertained the most cordial hatred, and lost no opportunity of exhibiting his feelings without disguise or modification. Excepting when he was in special good humour, Alfieri's manners were savage and repulsive, forming a strong contrast to those of Madame D'Albany, who was highly informed and very agreeable. At her receptions, while Alfieri thus set apart, in a kind of moody grandeur, she used to stand at the tea-table, with an apron over her dress, with her own hands serving tea to her guests.

We cannot refrain from presenting a portrait of the Irish drawn by one of themselves:

There is no remedy for the increasing feebleness and imbecility of Ireland—no chance for her people of emergence from the slough of placehunting, and sycophancy, and base subserviency, in which they are plunged—no means of restoring self-reliance and mutual confidence to Irishmen—save in a measure which should lessen her dependence for support upon a parasitic connexion with a greater political body, and force her to put forth roots and branches sufficient for her own sustenance. Who that has known an Irish squirearchy family, has not seen a brother or uncle, a Master Tom or a Master Dick, who, for sixty years of solar time, has been an occupant of the Hall or Castle, yet, in the estimation of himself and all around, is still a frolicsome or stupid boy, whom no one would think of trusting with any duty more important than that of mixing punch, or purveying game for the family table? Would those ancient and indiscreet youths have continued in their state of feeble nonage, had the severance of their parasitic connexion with the parent stem forced them to exert their energies in the battle of life? The whole Irish nation, great and small, seems to me but an aggregate of Master Toms and Master Dicks, whom political and social dependence—hand-feeding to-day, and snubbing and whipping to-morrow—has kept in a condition of boyish immaturity and feebleness. There are in the dark caverns of the Styrian mountains, animals that have grown and grown in their embry state, until they have far over-passed the ordinary standard of their size; but, wanting the maturing operation of the sun's rays, they have never become developed into the perfection of their kind. So it is with the Irish people; they have grown into gigantic children; but deprived of the wholesome stimulus of self-government, they have never become men.

And again:

It would be impossible to find witnesses more competent than the writers of these letters to speak to the condition of Irish affairs in 1834, and few whose testimony, in the line in which it runs, it would be more difficult to discredit. There was, I believe, no Irishman imbued with deeper feelings of nationality than Bishop

Doyle, or who was more painfully sensible of the bitterness of being obliged by his own sense of truth and honour to admit the fact of the moral degradation of his fellow-countrymen. On the other hand, there was no Irish Whig more jealous of the character of his party than Mr. Lambert, or who was more desirous to carry out its principles in the administration of Irish affairs in such a manner as should sink the individual nationality of Ireland, and make her a great limb of the English Whig body. Surely, then, it is lamentable to find one of these men "doubting whether there was sufficient soundness in the community to render it capable of profiting by any liberal system;" and the other admitting with regret that the whole statesmanship of the English party rulers of Ireland with whom he was associated was limited to a truckling subserviency to Mr. O'Connell. Still more lamentable is it to know, that after the lapse of fifteen years, there is still in the community the same unsoundness, and in the ruling faction the same deficiency of manly conduct and far-seeing statesmanship. At this very moment, the "intelligence and virtue among the middle classes of our people" has succumbed under the tyranny of demagogues, who, with liberty upon their tongues, have successfully called upon a starving and oppressed nation to contribute money to aid in the replacement of the yoke of despotism upon the necks of the people of another land. While I write the lineal successors of the *juste milieu* Whigs of 1834, know of nothing better that can be done for the relief of a prostrated country, than to provide the means of buying more village agitators and members of Parliament, by stopping a hole in a demoralising and corrupting, but place-making poor-law, with a sixpenny rate-in-aid patch.

Here is an anecdote of special interest just now, illustrative of

THE CONSTITUTION OF RUSSIA.

There were among the Russian residents two remarkable characters; one was Orloff, the favourite of the Empress Catherine, whom I frequently met at Naples, and the other the Prince Potemkin, son of the more celebrated owner of that name. The introduction of the Muscovite element made a strange mixture in our society; where, as sometimes happened, discussions arose that brought the habitual steady English love of freedom in conflict of argument with the fierce barbarian vigour of the Russians; and that, too, in presence of the polished feebleness of some noble subject of the church. I shall never forget one of these occasions, when, the comparative merits of democracy and despotism being under debate, the risk of mischief at the hands of a senseless ill-conditioned tyrant was urged as more than a counterpoise for the good that could be done by a benevolent and wise autocrat. "Against that risk," exclaimed Count Pahlen, who was present, "we have a safeguard. Here is the constitution of Russia;" and, starting up, he closed the argument by drawing a dagger from his pocket, and flinging it upon the table with an earnestness and energy that left no doubt of his personal willingness to put that sharp constitutional remedy in operation, should a wrong requiring it arise within his cognizance.

Now for a reminiscence of

MADAME DE STAEL.

From Ancona to Venice I made the journey in company with Madame de Staël, and I shall not easily forget a scene in which I witnessed her acting upon our arrival at the city of St. Mark. She made it a point never to waive any of the ceremonial which she thought properly belonged to her rank. She always took care to have the guard of authors turned out whenever she approached a position, and never failed to accept all the honours of literature. Following out her custom in this respect, she had written to announce her approach to a poet, resident at Venice, whose name I now forget, but which happened to be identical with that of the principal butcher of the city. By some blundering of the postal authorities, Madame la Baronne's letter was delivered to Signor —, the butcher, instead of to Signor —, the poet, and the former, anxious to secure so distinguished a customer, carefully watched our arrival, and lost not a minute in paying his respects to the baroness. She, of course, was prepared to receive the homage of genius, *en cour plénier*, and we were all (including M. de Sismondi, the historian of the Italian

Republics, who was in the company) convened to witness the meeting. Neither of the high saluting parties knew the power of the other, and it was some time before an explanation came about, the ridiculous character of which it is easier to conceive than to describe.

We add a brace of

ANECDOTES.

Among the middle-tenants whose holdings I resumed and relet to the occupiers, was a widow lady, who, though the near relative of a noble lord, made what is called in Ireland a very "poor mouth," when the expiration of her lease deprived her of the profit-rent which her husband had wrung from the under-tenants, by breaking his covenant against sub-letting. I gave these occupying under-tenants leases of their own holdings; and, in consideration of the circumstances of the distressed lady-middleman, I agreed to make her an allowance of 50*l.* a year, until her noble relative should come of age and be able to assist her. When, however, I stopped my bounty, on that contingency taking place, her son, an Indian officer who had just returned home, sent me a hostile message for having so wounded his feelings!

I had three sisters. The eldest had then recently become the widow of Thomas Whalley, known in Ireland as "Jerusalem Whalley," from the circumstance of his having won a bet by performing a journey to Jerusalem on foot except so far as it was necessary to cross the sea, and finishing the exploit by playing ball against the walls of that celebrated city. He was a perfect specimen of the Irish gentleman of the olden time. Gallant, reckless, and profuse, he made no account of money, limb, or life, when a bet was to be won or a daring deed to be attempted. He spent a fine fortune in pursuits not more profitable than his expedition to play ball at Jerusalem; and rendered himself a cripple for life by jumping from the drawing-room window of Daly's clubhouse in College Green, on to the roof of a hackney-coach which was passing.

We have avoided mere political and party recollections, preferring the passages of more general interest, and which are better adapted to our cosmopolitan columns.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Nature and Elements of the External World: or, Universal Immaterialism fully Explained and newly Demonstrated.
London: Churchill. 1849.

LIVING as men do in a world of inexplicable mystery, spiritually, morally, and physically, one would imagine that the solution of the various enigmas of their existence would furnish to them the most interesting subject of inquiry, and the most absorbing topic of discussion. But quite the contrary is, generally speaking, the case—the overwhelming majority of mankind caring nothing for the contemplation of that wondrous universe of which they themselves form a part, and being content to dwell in ignorance for ever, so that they may only succeed in securing some petty temporal aim—some object whose value will vanish as they grasp it.

Never was there an age, considering the immense spread of the means of intellectual culture and speculation, so obnoxious to this accusation as the present. It would seem as if, in the endeavour to multiply the means of enlightenment, mankind had not left themselves time to make use of them, just as we see many, nay most, persons spend their lives in the acquisition of riches which they never leave themselves an hour to enjoy. The close investigation of the world of sense, merely as such and not in relation to mind, and the wonderful application of what are called the powers of nature which characterise our times, producing as they do results immediate and

tangible, have had upon the minds of creatures, from their constitution and nature prone to be attracted by the visible rather than the invisible, the effect that might have been anticipated by those who have studied man practically rather than reasoned about him theoretically.

And now we seem to hear the objection of some utilitarian, that the results of mental philosophy are so uncertain, so disputed, and so devoid of practical purpose, that the mind is more advantageously employed in promoting those sciences which directly influence the condition of humanity. Now, granting for the sake of argument (which, however, we do not grant) that the investigations of mental philosophy arrive at no definite or demonstrative conclusion, the very exercise of the mental powers which such studies require, and the state of mind which they induce, generate effects to which the steam-engine itself in the long chain of causes owes its existence, while in their more immediate results they conduce more effectually to the happiness, if not to the wealth, of mankind; and after all it is happiness and not wealth of which we are in pursuit. Such studies, more than any other, whose subjects are of a merely natural as contradistinguished from a revealed character, tend to improve the quality of the mind, to elevate it above the mere things of sense, to show it, as it were, the spirit in the symbols, and to make it the denizen of a nobler sphere of existence. Doubtless intellectual power may be perverted and made the instrument of evil; but so may all other instruments. And we must remember that it is through the intellect alone that goodness can be made available. As far as others are concerned, it is little that we *mean* well, if our understanding does not show us how to *do* well. Thus, to cultivate the intellect to the uttermost, to develop and exercise all its powers, and to engage in those studies which most tend to promote these objects, is manifestly of the highest advantage to the individual and to the species.

And therefore it is that we thank the author of this book for daring to write on a purely intellectual theme, in spite of the hostility or contempt displayed towards such subjects by the superficial, bustling spirit of the day. It is in a measure apart from the soundness of his system of philosophy that we bestow this commendation; and rather as we hope it may be the means of awakening discussion on such themes and spreading an interest in them, that we express our gratitude. A doubt is frequently productive of an answer, one argument begets another, and in the contest wits are sharpened; while one idea may give birth to a thousand, or one truth discovered may pour in upon the world a flood of light, which may serve to illumine the way to a mine of intellectual wealth untold and undreamt of.

We do not purpose here to say anything either in confirmation or in disproof of the theory of Universal Immaterialism broached by Bishop BERKELEY, and supported in this work; but which is at all events a sublime one. We rather confine ourselves to the endeavour to give some idea of the principles upon which it is based, as being better suited to our narrow limits, and the character of the journal in which we write—a formal essay being here out of the question.

Let the author state his own reasons for the composition and publication of the present

work, and likewise the extent of what he means to prove:

Berkeley's arguments went no further than to show that the physical substance was an hypothesis, and a gratuitous one,—that men have no reason whatever for supposing that there is such a thing in our universe. The more reasonable of his adversaries have admitted these two points; but insist that, although we have no knowledge of the existence of this substance, it may nevertheless exist; as we must not suppose that nothing exists but what we know of, or (as they express it), that "man is the measure of all things." The proof, therefore, of universal immaterialism, which is now submitted to the public, is intended to meet the difficulty, and goes to show that it is physically impossible there should be a material substance in our universe; not that it is probable there is no such thing, nor that it is morally certain there is not, but that it is contrary to the nature of things that there should be this physical or material substance in any portion of the known universe, within the limits of the most distant stars.

He thus states the grounds upon which the whole argument is founded:

But besides the physical impossibility of a material substance, there is another and highly important point just alluded to, to be unfolded and explained in these pages, a point which not only exhibits the physical impossibility in question, but moreover determines, in the fullest manner, the relation in which body stands to mind. That point is that the objects of sense by which we are surrounded, are of such a nature that they can only subsist *within* the mind, and not by any means *outside* the mind, as people generally suppose. The table at which I write, for instance, is within my mind, and would be equally within the mind of any number of persons who were present. The composition of the table is such that it cannot be outside my mind and all other minds. Very little reflection makes this scientific principle quite clear. The table or chair consists (as far as our senses enable us to judge), of feels and colours, and of certain other qualities that belong to feels and colours. Now all men of science, and, indeed, most men of education, know that feels and colours can only exist within the mind. If the table or chair, therefore, is composed of them, it is clear that it can only exist where these, its component parts, exist—that is, within mind. These matters shall be fully explained in another page. No one can fail to see, however, that what is true of one table in this respect, must be true of our bodies and of the universe. The whole universe subsists, and can only subsist, within such a sentient, invisible, and conscious thing as the mind is known to be. In this way, each human mind must have within it a separate universe of its own, but so exactly the same in all minds, that every object of sense, and every movement of every object that is to be found in the universe of one mind, is to be found also in the universe that is within the other mind, the general effect of all which conditions is much the same as that which would be produced if several people were all dreaming, exactly at the same time, exactly the same dream.

Such are the two main points of Berkeley's Universal Immaterialism:—that the whole sensible universe can exist only within mind; and that the universe has not a material substance (different from all the things that we perceive), constituting any portion of it. The evidence by which these two points are made out may be inferred from what has been already said. It is as follows:—Mathematical and scientific demonstrations place it beyond all doubt that colours are sensations, and therefore subsist only within the substance of our minds. Our senses teach us that the colours of visible bodies are identically in the same place in which the visible bodies are themselves. Common sense forbids us to deny this. Therefore all the visible bodies in the universe are within the substance of our minds.

Berkeley made out the other point of his doctrine by showing that we have no trace of a material substance, either in itself or in its effects, and that it is unreasonable to assume the existence of a thing of which we see no trace. It was replied that this does not establish the physical impossibility of the thing, and that things may exist without our perceiving them. The following is an outline of the demonstration by which I propose to show the physical impossibility of the thing. The

material substance cannot, from its nature, subsist within the mind. The universe has been shown to be within the mind. Therefore, the material substance cannot, from its nature, subsist within the universe, or, with it, within the mind.

Such is a summary of BERKELEY's theory, and of the additional arguments now adduced in completion and confirmation of his system. For illustrations, and further exposition of this summary, we refer such of our readers as are interested in the subject to the work itself, assuring them that it will repay the labour of perusal, and that much that it contains is eminently suggestive. It is decidedly the work of a thoughtful, inquiring, and yet reverent mind. The style is easy and natural, and without any affectation of philosophical jargon, although perhaps, occasionally, a little wanting in conciseness—a fault which is probably owing to the author's extreme anxiety to be full and explicit in his definitions. He fails too a little occasionally in maintaining the calm, unimpassioned tone which best befits the philosopher, and in the courtesy always due to adversaries, as, for example, when he talks of Mr. HUME being—"as much a materialist—a bigoted, dogmatical, infatuated, materialist—as either of his countrymen, Dr. REID, or Mr. STEWART;" epithets of this class are, with our author, by no means rare in speaking of his opponents.

We subjoin a few additional extracts in illustration of, and connexion with, the doctrine, briefly enunciated in the passages already taken from the work, and also to obviate some misconceptions which may possibly have arisen from so brief a statement as they contain. And first with regard to the *reality* of things, concerning a belief in which BERKELEY has been called in question, the author declares:—

When I state that the main object of the treatise is to prove that the objects of sense are within our minds, just in the same way as what we see in a dream is within our minds, it is very necessary, for the sake of explanation, to state also, and often to reiterate, that the meaning of this is not by any means that things do not *really* exist, but merely that their position with respect to our minds is *internal*, or, in other words, that the relation in which they stand to our minds is precisely the same as that which subsists between our sensations and our minds—a relation which all agree to indicate by the terms expressive of *internality*. There is, there can be no question as to whether things have that existence which we perceive them to have; but only as to *how* they have it, and as to whether it is possible for them to have it *outside* all minds—that is, whether it is possible for them to have any other except a spiritual subsistence, similar to that which sensations have, and the reality of which no one denies. This is the only question that the founder of Immaterialism has raised, and the only question at issue.

Another point to be distinctly stated is, that when it is said the universe exists within our minds, the meaning of this is *not* that the universe exists within our *bodies*, as many have frivolously supposed the thing to mean, but that the universe exists as we perceive it to do, *outside* and *beyond* our bodies—greater and mightier than they—yet that both our bodies and the universe exist within our minds. . . . Nor is it (as many also imagine) any part of Immaterialism to suppose that the objects of sense—that real trees and flowers, for instance, are *creations of our own minds*.

According to his (Berkeley's) principles, the universe, and all the objects it contains, are the creations of an Omnipotent Spirit, and are shown to be such with the most splendid evidence—with a kind and degree of evidence, in fact, with which no other philosopher ever proved it.

It must also be borne in mind that there are two different meanings affixed to the word "matter," or as the author expresses it, "two

very different kinds of stuff" are designated by it. It is the existence of only one of these that is denied by BERKELEY, and it is with regard to this only that he is at issue with the materialists.

"If," says he (Berkeley), "by material substance is meant only sensible body—that which is seen and felt (and the unphilosophical part of the world, I dare say, mean no more), then I am more certain of matter's existence than you or any other philosopher pretend to be." (Third Dialogue.) This sort of matter, however, the materialists do not even call by the name "matter" or "material substance," at all, nor do they allow that this sort of thing is any real thing at all, or any real part whatever of the objects that are really existing round us. . . . The other kind of matter is supposed to consist wholly of something unknown, which has neither colour in it as a part of it, nor feel in it as a part of it, nor size in it as a part of it, nor figure in it as a part of it. It is supposed to have the power of creating feels and colours in other things, but has in itself neither a feel nor a colour, nor anything that is in the slightest degree similar to a feel or to a colour. It is in itself something quite impalpable (i. e., without the slightest feel,) and quite invisible (i. e., without the slightest colour,)—something incomparably more impalpable and invisible than the air—something quite as impalpable and invisible as the mind. . . . This is the matter whose existence Berkeley denied—the only thing that is called matter by the philosophers, and therefore the only sort of matter or material substance now in question.

The real difference between the doctrine of the materialists and that of the immaterialists may be thus succinctly stated: the first believe the proximate cause of our sensations, that is, of all that we are accustomed to style nature—of every visible or tangible object by which we are surrounded, is a dead, inert, inconceivable, and indescribable substance; while the latter argue that these effects are produced solely and immediately by the will of the Omnipotent and Omnipresent Spirit, acting upon the human mind. The doctrine of immaterialism has been accused of having an irreligious tendency; but as far as the religion of the Bible is concerned, it stands acquitted from the charge: for in the system it advocates, there is manifestly nothing at variance with the Word which teaches us that all this wondrous universe sprang into existence at the fiat of the Creator, by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made; who continues to uphold all things by the word of his power, and who has moreover promised that in the twinkling of an eye we shall all be changed. But we touch on too solemn a theme.

According to this doctrine the organs of sense are *conditions* under which we receive our sensations, and not causes of them:

The organs of sense (inasmuch as they consist, like the brain and other parts of the body, wholly of sensations and other attributes of which sensations are susceptible) cannot, without absurdity, be regarded as in any sense productive of other sensations in our minds, nor as anything else but mere conditions under which sensations are excited in us. When the eyes, for instance, are turned in a particular direction, this is to be considered the *condition* under which we receive certain sensations, and not the *cause* of them—the direction and the sensations accompany each other—but that is all; just as the shades and colours of fire are accompanied by the feel called "heat" without being the causes of our feeling it; or as the colour and shape of a millstone are accompanied by and associated with its hardness, and are therefore looked upon as signs and conditions of hardness, but never as causes of it.

Thus, according to this theory, the human body is but a cluster of sensations in the mind, forming the organs or conditions under which at present we receive other sensations; and in the intimacy and continuance of the connexion

between this cluster of sensations and the mind consists mortal life: while

Death is no more than the disconnection between a mind and that set or cluster of qualified sensations by which that mind had previously the power of indicating its volitions to other created minds. But this disconnection does not so much as involve the mind's being precluded from afterwards receiving sensations as before—much less does it involve the mind's own subsequent incapacity to receive them—and least of all does it involve the slightest pretext for supposing that the mind does not go on existing after this disconnection, since it is manifest that the mind must have existed prior to the connexion thus brought to a close. There could have been no sensations originally where there had not previously been some mind.

Those who believe in mesmerism (and it is a subject with regard to which, in an unprejudiced mind, faith may rest upon as sure grounds as can be afforded by *facts* attested by evidence which would be reckoned unquestionable in law or history), know that the mind is capable not only of receiving *ideas*, in the limited sense of the term, but of having a perception of real existences under different conditions from the present, as the *clairvoyant* sees the real table and chairs of a far distant apartment under some other, and to us, at present unknown, condition, than that of the ordinary application of the bodily organ.

Under the immaterial doctrine, the phrenological organs, as well as those of sense being like them merely clusters of sensations, would also be reduced to accompanying conditions of certain faculties and phases of mind, operated by the sole cause, without any necessary connexion with the states of mind they serve to indicate; that is, God might at any moment dissolve the connexion; and at death doubtless does so. They are, in short, under this theory, the *signs* and not the *causes*, of certain mental conditions. But even granting this to be ascertained to be true, the science of phrenology would still be as important a study as any other science, as God does not perplex his creatures by shifting or altering either the signs which witness of himself or of created spirits. Phrenology is a subject upon which however this treatise does not touch. We have merely been led to make the above remarks in the course of our own somewhat hasty reflections.

For the author's two new demonstrations of the physical impossibility of the existence of matter anywhere in the known universe, we refer the reader to the work itself, as our space forbids their insertion here. The last chapter of the book is devoted to an argument against the hypothesis of M. COUSIN, and the greater part of the French and German metaphysicians, that there is a dead, inert substance placed beyond the precincts of the universe, interposing as it were between the Divine and human minds, and forming the proximate cause of our sensations. It seems to us that the whole question of the whole work, except where the opinions of the very small body of those who profess Atheism or universal scepticism are concerned, hangs not upon what is the cause of our sensations, but upon how that cause operates, that is, whether directly or mediately. We conclude by recommending this treatise to our readers as it may possibly assist them to a conclusion on this interesting subject.

There is at the beginning of the volume, a prospectus of the terms upon which a prize of a hundred pounds is offered for a conclusive disproof of the arguments here set forth in favour of the doctrine of Universal Immaterialism.

The Material and Intellectual Universe, from which the object of Education may be deduced. By CATHERINE WHITWELL, of Solihull. Second Edition.

WE must humbly confess, that the philosophy of this book is far beyond our comprehension. Presuming that the unknown is also the magnificent, as the proverb has it, we must be content to admire from a respectful distance the profundity we cannot penetrate.

SCIENCE.

Every Man his own Doctor. The Cold Water, Tepid Water, and Friction Cure, as Applicable to every Disease to which the Human Frame is Subject. And also to the Cure of Disease in Horses and Cattle. By Capt. R. T. CLARIDGE, Author of the "Guide along the Danube to Turkey and Greece," "Hydro-pathy, or the Cold Water Cure," &c. &c. London: James Madden, Leadenhall Street. 1849.

CAPTAIN CLARIDGE is again before the public, with a new work on hydro-pathy,—a volume containing much of interest and information. His time, for some years past, indeed his every thought, seems to have been devoted to the study of the water cure, and of the best means of diffusing a knowledge of its efficacy, both as a preventive of, and remedy for, all the "ills that flesh is heir to." Having "regained his own health, and saved the life of his daughter under PRIESSNITZ, at Gräfenberg, and having witnessed some most astounding cures there, he has written, lectured, attended the sick, opened water-cure establishments, and done all he could to further the science.

The present volume chiefly consists of an account of cases cured at Gräfenberg, of which a report has been supplied by PRIESSNITZ himself; and also of the proper course of treatment prescribed by PRIESSNITZ, for a host of ailments, which are carefully enumerated.

Captain CLARIDGE entertains the most profound gratitude for the discoverer of the virtue of this most abundant gift of nature, or rather, for the man, whose indefatigable perseverance has carried him through many severe trials, and enabled him to found the system now employed; and his confidence in the efficacy of the treatment is so unbounded, that he writes as if conviction must follow, and we think that in a great measure it does, at all events all will agree, that both externally and internally we should be none the worse for a little more "cold" water.

In the first chapter we have an account of the birth and parentage of VINCENT PRIESSNITZ and of the persecutions which he has endured from members of the faculty in Austria and elsewhere.

When twelve years old, PRIESSNITZ, having sprained his wrist, found great relief by pumping on it, and keeping a wet bandage round it; and four years later, having by a fall broken three of his ribs, he was nearly given up by the doctors; he then reverted to his former friend the water cure, and in twelve months his health was quite restored.

"His own faith and that of many of his neighbours in the power of water was thus established; and ere long the peasantry from all sides flocked to him for aid. Some thought him endowed with the power of witchcraft; others honoured him as a prophet; all wondering at his success in curing disease. Sponges used by him in washing his patients were regarded as talismans—as containing within them something gifted with a mysterious and marvellous operation. Broomsticks were placed across his doorway, to see whether on coming out he could get over without displacing them, it being a prevalent opinion that only those practising witchcraft can.

His antagonists took advantage of this disposition of the people; and their opinion that PRIESSNITZ was possessed by an evil spirit was encouraged by the priests, who denounced him publicly in the church. Some idea of the excitement got up against him may be found from the fact, that the peasantry were in the habit of throwing stones at the early visitors to his house.

Numbers, however, came to him for advice, which he then only gave at his own house; afterwards he was induced to visit his patients. This seemed to dissolve the spell, and his reputation began to decline, notwith-

standing he claimed no remuneration, nor accepted any fee: from hundreds his applicants fell off to tens. He soon perceived that what is simple, costing neither money nor trouble, loses its value, or is but coldly appreciated; he therefore returned to his previous usage of giving advice only at home, leaving people to believe as much as they pleased in the magical virtue of his remedies. His reputation now rose higher than ever, and spread far and wide. Strangers from distant parts came to Gräfenberg, so that he was compelled to increase the size of his house for their accommodation; and thus his establishment commenced.

He was not yet, however, allowed to proceed smoothly in his career: many viewed his growing reputation with jealousy. The two medical men and the burgomaster at Freiwaldau set on foot a conspiracy to crush him. Their persecutions lasted thirteen years: but, as frequently occurs in similar cases, these were among the circumstances that eventually advanced his success; since, but for this pressure from without, he never would have so completely developed the power of water over disease; and the physiological and pathological truths, that have in consequence come to light, must still have lain buried in darkness. During all this period, he was strictly watched, to see if he applied aught else than the pure element; calling for the exertion of his utmost ingenuity, to supply, by water alone, the place of every other remedy. He was frequently brought before the Syndic at Freiwaldau; but all endeavours to convict him of any unlawful act (which the administration of drugs or herbs in an unlicensed practitioner would have been) had failed, when, in 1828, a more determined attempt was made to put an end to his proceedings. Witnesses were brought forward to prove that he had injured them, and others that he had pretended to cures that had actually been performed by the medical men. But none, when examined, could deny that PRIESSNITZ had benefited them, and taken no payment in return.

There was a miller whom both the doctor and PRIESSNITZ claimed the merit of curing. On being examined, the miller was asked which of the two had effected the cure? "What shall I say?" answered he, "Both! The doctor relieved me of my money, and PRIESSNITZ of my disease. In return, I have given him nothing—not even thanks, which I take this opportunity of offering him for the first time." This was of little avail; his calumniators had resolved his downfall. Accordingly, he was next accused of quackery, in illegally tampering with the public health, and ordered to be put under arrest. An appeal to the tribunal at Brünne, caused this unjust sentence to be reversed; and he then obtained permission to have a cold-water bathing establishment. Discontented at this, his persecutors shortly after brought him to the court at Weidenau, a neighbouring town, on the hypocritical plea that the connexion between his accusers and the authorities of Freiwaldau might, contrary to their wishes, give a colour of unfairness to the proceedings. The tribunal of Weidenau could not reverse the sentence of that of Brünne, but prohibited PRIESSNITZ from treating any persons but those of his own parish or district. He replied that water was free to all, and that he was not in the habit of inquiring whence an invalid came, previously to administering aid. Feeling he was right, he persisted in acting as before; and for some time no further notice was taken of him. In 1831, his enemies took a bolder course, by raising an alarm of the craft being in danger. This enlisted in their cause the medical men of Vienna, who brought the subject under the notice of the Emperor. He sent Dr. BARON TURCKHEIM with a commission of district and staff surgeons to Gräfenberg, to investigate and report on the new system, and the proceedings of its originator. Notwithstanding that most of these gentlemen were prejudiced against both, they were astonished and pleased at what they witnessed; and their report was of so favourable a nature, that PRIESSNITZ was allowed by imperial authority to carry on his establishment, with the addition of the privilege enjoyed by staff surgeons, of giving sick certificates to public employes and officers under his care. This state of things was, however, again shortly afterward disturbed. In 1835, the Emperor FRANCIS being dead, fresh intrigues induced the government authorities at Troppan (a town about fifty miles from Gräfenberg) to withdraw the permission PRIESSNITZ had received for giving sick

certificates. He was urged to appeal to the higher powers, but declined, saying "the matter must right itself," and steadily refused giving sick certificates, even to foreign officers. These complained through their ambassadors, to the authorities at Vienna; and for them, PRIESSNITZ's power of granting certificates was restored. The Austrian officers and employes being still excluded, also exerted themselves through friends in the capital; and the matter was, in the end, satisfactorily arranged. In 1843, the Prussian government, doubtless under medical influence, forbade all officers or employes proceeding to any hydropathic establishment out of Prussia, unless expressly recommended by their medical adviser. The greatest difficulty in obtaining passports to the Hygienic temple is also encountered by the Russian Poles.

"For thirty years, although all publications against PRIESSNITZ and the water-cure were tolerated in the Austrian dominions, none in favour of either were permitted. But, as though willing to do tardy justice, and urged on by public opinion, in July, 1845, the *Vienna Gazette* inserted a favourable article on both subjects;" (page 3.) In spite of all the difficulties which PRIESSNITZ had to encounter, his fame continued to increase, and in 1845, Gräfenberg was honoured by a visit from the Archduke CHARLES, heir apparent to the crown of Austria; and "in the ensuing summer a most flattering testimony was decreed to PRIESSNITZ by the Emperor of Austria. It was a gold medal (called a Verdienst Medaille, or medal of merit), and was presented to him by the Governor of Troppan, on the 7th of July, 1846, at the altar, with great ceremony, in the very church in which he had formerly been denounced." (page 15.)

M. PRIESSNITZ is now forty-nine years of age, "and notwithstanding there are several defects in point of beauty, and a sternness of outline in almost every feature, there is something in the whole expression of PRIESSNITZ's countenance peculiarly pleasing as well as striking; and one reads there kindness of heart as well as firmness and decision. Among all his neighbours his character stands deservedly high. From his infancy he has been a pattern of sobriety and virtue, a good Christian, kind neighbour, an excellent husband and father; ever prompt to acts of benevolence, and though secretly, to acts of charity. Poverty deprives no invalid of his succour. Many, for months together, enjoy the hospitality of his table, and benefit by his advice, who have no means of making any pecuniary return. Indeed, PRIESSNITZ never demands a fee, nor complains if none is given. Nevertheless, he has become rich by the exercise of prudence and economy. It is worthy of record, that he never wrote a line or caused anything to be inserted in newspapers on the subject of his discoveries, or employed any of the means of publicity usually resorted to, to make known his establishment; yet it is frequented by denizens of all nations, and his fame extends to the antipodes;" (p. 7.)

Captain CLARIDGE, not content with citing numerous modern authorities in favour of the use of cold water, tells us, among many others from antiquity, that "the Macedonians considered warm water to be enervating; and their women, after accouchement, were washed with cold water." "The Spartans bathed their children as soon as born in cold water." "The question then arises, how is it that with so much evidence in favour of water, it has never been brought into general use? Many reasons might be assigned, but the principal one is, that until the present day no system of treatment has ever been based on scientific principles. It was in embryo, and like steam, wanted its time for development. If people studied their health, as they do their interest, they would at least inquire into this, the best means of preserving it. But in our present state of civilization, nature is known by name only. None, save those reduced to the last stage of poverty, ever satisfy their thirst with water! Men, women, and children, rich and poor, old and young, all avoid water—perhaps because it costs nothing (for, in our artificial life, we are led to esteem things according to their venal price), and, like air and sun, is shared in common with our poorer fellow-kind. The Germans are water drinkers, but the English have a distaste for it; few ever drink half a pint undiluted at one time, in their lives, imagining that water will cause inconvenience, whilst in the course of the day, they think nothing of

drinking wine, soda water, brandy and water, and tea, to a great extent, all of which are injurious. . . .

"In addition to cold water, fresh air and exercise are most important means of health. They are especially useful in giving life and activity to the skin, which seldom meets with proper attention, people generally not being aware of the evil consequences attending their neglect of that most important organ of the human frame. By protecting the skin from the air, we concentrate on it the heat that is ever exhaling from the body, and thus complete what warm baths and spirituous liquors, want of exercise, close rooms, and heavy nourishment, have begun. We do not perceive, that by keeping the body warm we weaken the skin, which becomes so sensitive to external changes, that we are incessantly obliged to augment the thickness and number of its coverings. At last, a time comes, when nothing more can be added to the clothing already too heavy. Then, weak and irritable persons,—whose numbers our erroneous system only augments!—remain at home, not aware of the innumerable inconveniences to which such a resolution exposes them, and not knowing that the habitual washing of the body in cold water would enable them to leave their heated apartments, abandon flannel, and expose themselves, without the slightest danger, to the healthy effects of fresh air. It is the enervating softness and delicacy of modern customs, which present the greatest obstacles to the use of cold water.

Another obstacle to the external use of cold water is, the false belief that colds, which are the sources of much illness, result from it. People cannot understand that a cold bath, followed by suitable exercise, warms the feet and the body, and that there is no surer preservative against cold;" (page 38.)

The effect of hydropathic treatment is as follows, "It promotes the vital energies, quickens the action of the absorbents, strengthens the nerves, allays irritation, promotes healthy action of the vital organs. . . . The great secret of hydropathy is, that by its modes of application, morbid humours are drawn to the surface and eliminated, the body is cooled, and the skin put into a state to perform its indispensable duties. In internal inflammations, the morbid heat from the internal skin or mucous membrane is drawn off by the application of cold and irritation to the surface, and the disease subdued without charging the stomach with anything but pure spring water, which in contradistinction to drugs, produces the most salubrious effects;" (page 21.)

Captain CLARIDGE describes every kind of bath, and how, and in what circumstances they should be used. But baths and water-drinking are minor agents in the hands of the hydropathists. The great and important applications are exactly those which have excited the most ridicule, and to which all have the strongest objections, namely, the packing sheet and sweating process, and the rubbing sheet; and it certainly will take some time to persuade the present generation, whose greatest fear has always been damp sheets, that wet ones are salutary, still less, comfortable!

If we are not yet quite sufficiently converts to recommend the water cure, and nothing but the water cure, we are nevertheless quite sure no one will regret reading this book, as they will find many useful hints for preserving their health, and obtain full information upon the great hydropathic question.

On Sulphur as a Remedy for Cholera. By JOHN GROVE, M.R.S.C. Ridgway.

ONE of the many suggested remedies for the epidemic. But when we see that the proportion of deaths to attacks continues the same notwithstanding that a hundred infallible cures, at the least, have been confidently propounded by the doctors, we may be allowed to doubt their assertions. Sulphur may be a specific, but it will require to be proved to be so by actually curing and diminishing the total mortality. If it does not this, it is as complete a failure as any other suggested remedy.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. London: Clarke and Co.

A TOUR in Europe, by the second in rank of the poets of America. It has already appeared in various forms

both there and here, and now it is reprinted by Messrs. CLARKE in a neat little pocket volume, at the price of a few pence, and thousands may enjoy its brilliant painting to whom hitherto it has been known only through the extracts in the reviews.

A Week in the South of Ireland. By an old Traveller. Dublin. McGlashan.

A SKETCH of a tour, intended to assist the many travellers who now make to Ireland, the pilgrimage formerly devoted to the Rhine. It is a useful and inexpensive *vade mecum*.

FICTION.

The Old World and the New. By Mrs. TROLLOPE, author of "Father Eustace," "The Lottery of Marriage," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1849.

AMERICA first made Mrs. TROLLOPE famous; thence her pen derived its original impulse; and now she has returned to the source for a new draught of inspiration. At such a theme she is at home; she hates the Americans, and her feelings colour her pictures of them; but it must be confessed that she knows them well. It is true she prefers rather to spy out their weaknesses than recognize their many virtues; but still the defect exists, and the caustic she rubs into the flaws she has found, if it made the patient sore, has not been without its good effect, by curing him of complaints which he would not otherwise have taken pains to remove.

But Mrs. TROLLOPE has now gone to America in another mood. She is not so critical, so merciless, nor so misrepresenting as formerly. Her temper throughout the novel is, indeed, remarkably amiable. If we have thus lost some of the vigour of her portraits, we have gained in the pleasure with which we contemplate them. At times she becomes really sentimental, and when describing the relics of the Indian race—the ancient proprietors of a world from which a stronger race has driven them—she rises to poetry. Two years since we saw Mrs. TROLLOPE in Switzerland. Has she since visited America, that she has drawn such vivid pictures of the place and the people; or are all these scenes, so life-like and so palpable, only the recollections of her young days? If so it be, her memory must be as wonderful as are her powers of observation.

We dare not attempt an outline of the plot, for we should have the indignant protest of all our readers against such an anticipation of their pleasure in the unravelling of it for themselves. But we may tell them that a great treat is in store for them; that Mrs. TROLLOPE has exercised more than her wonted skill in the weaving of a complicated web of adventure, and that by thus bringing together *The Old World and the New*, she has made an opportunity of which she has availed herself to multiply striking and uncommon characters, some of them thoroughly original. That of Oronego is a master-piece, developed with uncommon delicacy and tact, and displaying an intimate knowledge of the mind as it is common to humanity, and which custom can only slightly modify.

As all who read novels will read this one, and Mrs. TROLLOPE's style must be familiar to everybody, we will not now attempt to criticise it, and we close with a single illustrative extract, commending *The Old World and the New* to the notice of the libraries and the book clubs.

Here is a spice of her old satire. It is a

letter supposed to be addressed to the settlers in the back woods by a friend at Paris during the revolution.

OLD WORLD DOINGS.

It was just when the winter-want and the winter-thankfulness, for these blessings were at their height, that a second budget of Parisian politics arrived from Clementina Maitland.

It really was a great comfort to know that, however intimately confidential the details contained in the despatch might be, no danger of any kind could arise from their being communicated to their forest friends. For what could it signify to the powers that were, or had been, or were about to be, in the far-away metropolis of France, whether the forest farmers of the Ohio were most inclined to shudder or to laugh, to admire or to deprecate, their proceedings?

It was, therefore, quite without scruple, and without even feeling it necessary to say, "Take care that you do not say anything about it," that Mary's letter from the dear cousin and correspondent was read aloud by Robert Stormont for the benefit of both the families, within a very few hours after it reached them.

This was the letter, the rambling style of it being very naturally accounted for by the circumstances under which it was written:—

"I suppose all husbands are alike, my dearest Mary! I never can or will believe that a woman of your decidedly superior intellect would have refused to become a spectator of the noblest drama that ever was performed on the world's theatre, had you been completely a free agent. Depend upon it, my dear friend, the pyramid of the world's greatness will not reach its apex till the towering fabric has been augmented by the complete and entire sacrifice of man's usurped power over woman. That man, when in a state of perfect mental freedom, and totally unshackled by prejudice, is a fine animal, I am perfectly ready to allow; but, trust me, the wise of both sexes will become daily more inclined to hold themselves aloof from the life-enduring chain of matrimony, till the time shall arrive—and come it must—when it shall be so equally between them, that its weight shall not be painfully felt by either. But there is no use in talking to you on this subject now. It is evident that you do not possess sufficient freedom to come to me, and I will therefore, as far as the doing so is possible, endeavour to convey myself to you. The conviction I feel within me of the unequalled greatness of this transcendent nation, increases every hour. At this extraordinary epoch, it is not so much what they do, as what they have the enormous moral courage to undo, that commands my reverence—almost my adoration! As an illustration of my meaning, let me present before you the idea of a fiery steed; imagine, for instance, such a one as that which bore the Hetman Zamejska on his desperate ride—imagine him

In the full foam of wrath and dread,
—Upon the pinions of the wind;—

And then fancy him suddenly checking himself as

—He flew upon his far career!

Imagine him gifted, in addition to all his portentous strength of nerve and limb, with the moral power of stopping short when at the very fullest speed, and turning round in pursuit of another object precisely in a contrary direction! This, Mary, is what the immortal leaders of our Paris host of demigods have just done. And I hold it to be the most admirable display of mental power that was ever yet given by man.

"The trembling, craven, traitors, that stood watching us from afar, croak of perils to come, and tell us to beware! Beware of what? Of men whose courage is so equal, so superior, to every emergency, that danger cannot reach them! For ere it can do its threatened work, their enormous energy has enabled them to turn away, and seek the objects (whatever they be) of which they are in pursuit, in another direction.

"Was it not thus throughout the whole of that most interesting episode during which we luxuriated in the delicious consciousness of living strictly under poetic rule? It required no great stretch of imagination to fancy oneself a muse in those days, living under the myrtle and bays of Apollo! But the mighty mass upheaved itself under that too gentle chain—for methinks it was a chain, and its being gentle made it not look more graceful in those daring eyes.

"The Parisians are, decidedly, the finest people upon

earth, and nothing can prove it so effectually as the boundless effrontery of their bold caprice.

"I can give you no idea of the charms of it; or of the strange wild sort of intellectual triumph one feels, as proof follows fast on proof, that there is no resisting it!

"I dare say you know, at least I am sure that my cousin Robert knows, how very precise we have ever been respecting our society—particularly the female part of it! Will you rejoice or lament for us, when I tell you that this is all over, at least for the present. But here again, my sweet Mary, is an admirable occasion to observe upon the social skill of these great lawgivers. I well remember that less than one short year ago, the most illustrious authoress in Europe was absolutely *unknowable*. All this is remedied—and yet, I will not deny that in such a case as this, there is great satisfaction in knowing (especially for the sake of my young sisters) that should the tide of feeling ebb back, and a new order of things again demand another change, there would not be the slightest difficulty in thrusting everything and every body back again. The military word of command, "as you were," may be used here with as little impropriety as on parade. This is an enormous social advantage, and it is of itself fully enough to justify our yielding to the glorious enthusiasm which is now evidently pervading all classes. People talk of a reign of terror! I fear it not. We have friends of every shade of opinion, and it will be strange indeed, if among them all we cannot find protectors.

"How beautiful it is to watch the march of human intelligence through such scenes as we are now contemplating! How steady is its onward progress, despite all the seeming blunders and stumbles that it makes! A few short weeks ago, and this full tide seemed threatening to submerge alike the hills and dales, the mountains and the plains, the Alpine tops and deepest caverns of social inequality, bringing the whole mass to one dead level, that certainly looked imposing from its vast extent.

"The unequalled genius of this extraordinary people enabled them to try the experiment exactly far enough to prove that it would not answer.

"Had this perilous attempt at universal levelling been hazarded so far in any other land, the chances are that the unwholesome slime of the mixed mass would not only have floated to the top, but have crusted and hardened there, till all else had perished and sunk into everlasting decay. But mark the difference here! The trial was made, skilfully made, with just sufficient precision to show—like a pretty miniature experiment in chemistry—what its effects would be if tried *en grand*. And mark you how these skilful masters of governmental science have changed their hand!

"But this theme is still one that may not be discussed too freely. The accents with which words, and almost thoughts, are traced home to one, is almost perfectly extraordinary. Sophy says that they have put into an alembic all the police systems of the world, and the one under which we now live is the essence which has been distilled from the whole.

"Well may they call themselves the Great Nation! My admiration of their genius, of their brilliant versatility, so like the ever-varying hues of the diamond, knows no bounds! But I can scribble to you no longer at this moment, dearest Mary. A distant sound, which for some seconds past, has seemed to agitate the air confusedly, is drawing nearer to us. Some great transaction may at this very moment be about to make itself felt. Sophy has just entered. Our porter, a true Frenchman, who never will live in ignorance of any fact with which either enterprise or ingenuity can make him acquainted, has climbed, it seems, to the roof of the house, and, if his report may be credited, another popular movement has been awakened. The Chamber is sitting. Etienne says that all Paris is running in that direction. All Paris! What a sublime idea! Sophy is looking as pale as a ghost; but, for my part, I only feel a little over-excited. I positively long to go out; but I will not leave Sophy. Adieu, my sweet Mary! Be under no alarm for us. We are enjoying the protection of the finest people in the world. The noise is tremendous now. But pretty women have an enormous advantage in Paris. We all know perfectly well that if any real danger threatened us, we have more than one kind friend who would put us on our guard. And my little *soiree* last night was more brilliant than ever. Farewell, my

poor dear Mary; how from my heart I pity the wearisome monotony of your existence!"

"Well, now," said Mrs. Wainwright, when Captain Stormont had come to the conclusion of his cousin's letter, "Well, now Captain, that is what I call a very curious document. It strikes me that it won't always answer for one nation to set off imitating another nation unless they have first educated the people up to the proper pitch. That the French are quite right in the matter of longing after a republic, in course I don't deny; but by what your correspondent says, sir, as well as by what we learn from the papers, they don't seem to be going ahead at all in the true Yankee style. However, they are right to have a try at it, at any rate."

"It would be better for them, perhaps, if they could press a little more closely to the miniature chemistry style of experiment that our good cousin talks about," replied Stormont. "But we foresters, Squire, are perhaps as little capable of fairly judging what they are about, as my wife's correspondent is of fairly judging our condition here. She lavishes her tenderest pity upon the lamentable monotony of our existence; and yet I greatly doubt if the most active rioter in Paris has more constant, more hope-inspiring occupation for his faculties, both of time and body, than we have."

Compare with them these

NEW WORLD DOINGS.

Whatever other advantages or disadvantages might attach to this "bit," it was pretty evident that its indwellers would neither be benefited nor annoyed by the near neighbourhood of any hotel, inn, public, or shanty, destined for the repose of the weary or the refreshment of the thirsty traveller. Having acknowledged that the very aboriginal-looking forest which they were approaching made part and parcel of the lot that they were come to examine, Captain Stormont's next piece of information consisted in the avowal that they must tie up their steed to a tree, and leave the deerborn entirely without a protector during the time they might be occupied in examining the place, for that there was neither house or shelter of any kind near it. These words, added to the apparently unbroken depths of forest which they were approaching, did certainly again suggest rather painfully the hated idea of an "uncleared" lot; but Katherine was too tired at that moment, for the sun was very hot, and the hill they had mounted very steep, to express either suspicion or disappointment; and there certainly was no chance at that moment that Mary would display more energy than her cousin; so neither one nor the other made any reply; and the horse was released from his harness, and so secured to prevent his escape, although left at liberty to feed, without either of them uttering a single syllable.

"Now, then, I must manage to get you over this zig-zag," said Captain Stormont, walking off before them in search of the place which he remembered as being favourable to such an enterprise. But this difficulty was not so great as it looked; for though the fence was fully high enough to have safely surrounded a deer-park, it was by no means difficult to mount, and in another moment the trio were following each other in single file, but without the advantage of any visible path in any direction.

"Would it not have been more prudent to have brought a guide, dear Robert," said Mary, rather anxiously.

"We shall not lose ourselves," he replied, "as long as we keep between the trees that are marked;" and on looking first on one side and then on the other, they perceived that a white cross was perceptible from time to time on the lofty stems among which he was leading them. This progress, which, though not very fatiguing, for the ground was level, and the shade perfect, seemed to the impatient ladies rather tedious, lasted perhaps for about twenty minutes; and then they came forth from the shelter of the trees, and beheld a wide extent of well-cleared land, scarcely a stump being left upon it, and a perfect maze of zig-zag fencing running through it and across it in all directions. But the enclosures were much larger than they appeared to be, for it was a fine expanse of table land, surrounded on all sides by the forest, and might have puzzled more experienced eyes than those which now looked upon it, to estimate its extent.

A good many acres had evidently been ploughed, although no crops were as yet visible upon the larger

portion of them, but here and there, nevertheless, there were patches of vegetation of such vigorous growth as to speak well both of the soil and the climate.

The only object, however, which could be considered as positively pleasing to the eye, without any reference to agricultural value, was one large enclosure which might have been transported from the richest grazing ground in Devonshire; and this enclosure had an advantage which all the others wanted, for several large trees had been left at intervals, as if to mitigate the bright blaze of sunshine which fell upon all the other portions of the cleared ground. This beautiful green oasis contained above a hundred acres; but if Robert had mentioned the fact at that moment, he would have found his hearers utterly sceptical. Had they been asked to name the size themselves, they would have been very positive in declaring that it could not have exceeded a quarter of that space.

However, they both of them fully appreciated the beauty of the verdure and the rich luxuriance of the herbage.

"We may have fat beeves here in abundance, cousin Robert," said Katherine, standing still, and looking about her with very farmer-like satisfaction.

"Yes, Miss Katherine, and you will have to pay for them, as you will find if you purchase this lot, I promise you," he replied.

"What a pity it is they have not built the house here!" said Mary, looking with great admiration at a group of five or six very noble looking trees that had been left nearly in the centre of this grazing ground. "I can fancy a house just there, with those lovely trees upon the lawn, and all that green expanse round it by way of a homestead, quite beautiful!"

"I suppose the original settlers thought differently," replied Stormont, "for it is some distance yet to the house; and when you get to it you will find it a very good one."

"We must not mind that," said Katherine cheerfully, "It is an immense temptation, Robert, the finding such a fine patch of cleared land; and that grass field, you know. Think of the comfort of having Rebecca's dairy in full action, as soon as we can find a cow or two to be sold!"

"But I am afraid, Katherine, that this fine patch of cleared ground, as you call it, is of considerably greater extent than you imagine, and, therefore, that the price will be considerably greater, too. How many acres of cleared ground do you think you are now looking upon? including all the ploughed land, as well as the pasture that Mary calls a homestead, how many acres think you it amounts to?"

"Above a hundred, I dare say, broke up," replied Katherine, after looking upon the expanse very deliberately.

"It is set down among the particulars of the estate as above 600 acres," replied Robert.

"Impossible!" burst from the lips of both the cousins.

"The forest spreads so widely, and everything spreads so widely in this country," said Captain Stormont, "that it might puzzle more practised eyes than yours to form a tolerably just estimate of any space, when looked at for the first time. But such is the fact, I assure you."

"So much the better, Robert," returned Katherine, "provided the price does not positively exceed our funds, for the profits of such a purchase would begin to accrue immediately; that is, provided we are within reach of a market."

"The Ohio is at no great distance," replied Stormont.

"Indeed! I am rather surprised to hear that," returned Katherine, "for I thought we had left it behind us several miles back."

"We," he replied, "or rather the river, perhaps have been turning and twisting about, so that the real distance is probably less than you imagine. But we are losing time; you must come this way now;" and so saying, he led the way almost, as it seemed to his companions, back again for a few hundred yards, till they suddenly came to an opening in the forest; not, however, such an opening as the one they had just left, cleared from stumps, and already in a good state of cultivation, but a long wide avenue, cut in a perfectly straight line through the trees, and having all the stumps left, saving in the middle, where, for the space of about two dozen yards, stumps and all had been

carefully removed, as if for the purpose of making a very handsome road.

This road, however, was as yet formed of nothing but the soil of the forest, all the labour hitherto bestowed upon it, beyond the clearing away the trees, consisting in levelling the irregularities which the removal of the stumps and the roots had left.

But, even so, this fine extent of avenue had a very pleasing effect, and gave a greater air of civilized habitations to the scene than all the zig-zag fencing, or even the marks of profitable cultivation that it inclosed.

"This is beautiful!" exclaimed Mary. "What a place for the children to play in! Air, shade, sunshine, everything!"

"What a noble thing a broad long avenue is!" said Katherine, musingly. "I doubt if any park in England could show us a grander approach than this would make to a mansion; but here, I suppose, it only indicates the necessity of a free passage from one part of the forest to another?"

"It certainly would sound a little like bombast if we called it the drive," rejoined Stormont; but, nevertheless, the house does lie in this direction, only we cannot see it."

"What a pity that it should be so far from that lovely green field," said Mary, with a sigh. "I never expect to see anything so beautiful as that again in the back woods of America!"

"I suppose we had better creep along close to the trees," said Captain Stormont, "even though the ground has not been levelled there. But the shade is perfect, and that must console us."

There was no dissenting voice upon this point; and at length they arrived at what they had supposed was the termination of the avenue, but when they reached it, they found that the clearing suddenly swept round to the left, and disclosed a view that elicited an exclamation of delight from Mary and Katherine.

This last portion of the avenue led to the top of a "bluff," as the high grounds beside the rivers are denominated in that part of the world; and this bluff commanded a glorious view of the Ohio river, at one of those points where the uniformity of its forest boundary is varied by masses of rock, which, mixing in capricious and most castle-like shapes among the foliage, give a seemingly historic interest to the landscape, the want of which is the greatest deficiency in the picturesque effect of the New World.

No wonder that the cousins, whose hopes of scenic beauty had been so painfully chilled in their former researches for a forest dwelling-place, were in rapture now, for the terrace on which they stood would have been hailed as beautiful either on the Danube or the Rhine, or any other of the most richly stored rivers of Europe.

The Caxtons; a Family Picture. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., author of "Rienzi," &c. In 3 vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1849.

DURING the periodical appearance of *The Caxtons* in *Blackwood's Magazine*, everybody was wondering who the author could be. It was attributed in turn to all who were ever known to contribute to the pages of *Maga*, and to many who had not the honour of being enrolled among its contributors. Perhaps the only novelist of note whom nobody dreamed of associating with it was Sir E. BULWER LYTTON. Albeit professionally accustomed to take accurate note of style, and believing that we could have told the handy-work of almost any of our known authors, especially of one having so many peculiarities as Sir E. B. LYTTON, we must own that we were among the deceived. The suspicion had never crossed our mind that to him we were indebted for the pleasure to which we had looked forward as the first of the month drew nigh. The mystery is now disclosed, and to the astonishment of the world *The Caxtons* is now published avowedly as the production of the pen of the author of *Rienzi*.

From this it will be concluded that *The Caxtons* differs broadly in subject and style of composition from the author's previous fictions. He has repudiated the half sentimental, half philosophical strain borrowed from Germany, in which he was wont to indulge so lavishly. There is scarcely a *Bulwerism* throughout the work. The design is, by contrast to exhibit the superiority of domestic life, which is said to be so peculiarly English, over the more glittering attractions of high life. The elder CAXTON is a man of the study: his brother a soldier, high-spirited and high-minded. PISISTRATUS, the son of the elder CAXTON is the hero of the plot. The gambling spirit of the age is embodied in the person of a Mr. TUNBETS, a brother of Mrs. CAXTON, who almost tempts the student to his ruin by his wild schemes and from which he is rescued by the interposition of his son. The captain has had his early life adventures. He too, has a son, a clever scoundrel, whose doings serve to vary the tale, and who is at last defeated by his cousin in a plot to carry off an heiress. PISISTRATUS is introduced to a Miss TREVANION, a politician, high in office, who takes a fancy to him, makes him his private secretary, and introduces him to high life. There he falls in love with the daughter of his patron; growing weary of a post which disgusted him with public men and political office, he retires and betakes himself to college; but the finances of his parent, straitened by some unfortunate speculations, compel him to quit this career and seek his fortune in the colonies. He proceeds to Australia and there makes his fortune, and the end is such as all novel readers would anticipate.

The story, of which the above is the merest outline, is however mainly designed to introduce the characters and to put into their mouths the thoughts and opinions of the author upon men and things. As such it must be regarded, and not merely as a novel, to be galloped through and then thrown aside and forgotten. *The Caxtons* is intended to be a work of permanent value, and we think it will be so esteemed, and that it will probably outlive some of the author's earlier works which enjoyed greater immediate popularity than this will obtain. It is essentially a book to be ordered by the book-club, because it will be worth placing upon the library shelf when it comes to be sold.

We might with ease glean as many citable passages as would fill two or three *CRITICS*, and our present difficulty consists in the abundance of choice with a very restricted space. But this is the less important with a work such as this, which everybody will read, so we take but two only:

LORD CASTLETON.

It was easy to see that Lord Castleton had been brought up with a careful knowledge of his future greatness, and its serious responsibilities. He stood immeasurably aloof from all the affectations common to the youth of minor patricians. He had not been taught to value himself on the cut of a coat or the shape of a hat. His world was far above St. James's Street and the clubs. He was dressed plainly, though in a style peculiar to himself,—a white neckcloth (which was not at that day quite so uncommon for morning use as it is now), trousers without straps, thin shoes and gaiters. There was nothing in his manner of the supercilious apathy which characterizes the dandy introduced to some one whom he doubts if he can nod to from the bow-window at White's; none of such vulgar coxcombries had Lord Castleton; and yet a young gentleman more emphatically coxcomb it was impossible to see. He had been told, no doubt, that as the head of a house which was almost in itself a party in the state,

he should be bland and civil to all men; and this duty being grafted upon a nature singularly cold and unsocial, gave to his politeness something so stiff yet so condescending, that it brought the blood to one's cheek,—though the momentary anger was counterbalanced by something almost ludicrous in the contrast between this gracious majesty of deportment and the insignificant figure with the boyish beardless face by which it was assumed. Lord Castleton did not content himself with a mere bow at our introduction. Much to my wonder how he came by the information he displayed, he made me a little speech after the manner of Louis XIV. to a provincial noble—studiously modelled upon that royal maxim of urbane policy which instructs a king that he should know something of the birth, parentage, and family, of his meanest gentleman. It was a little speech, in which my father's learning, and my uncle's services, and the amiable qualities of your humble servant, were neatly interwoven; delivered in a falsetto tone, as if learned by heart, though it must have been necessarily impromptu; and then rescating himself, he made a gracious motion of the head and hand, as if to authorize me to do the same.

Conversation succeeded, by galvanic jerks and spasmodic starts; a conversation that Lord Castleton contrived to tug so completely out of poor Sir Sedley's ordinary course of small and polished small-talk, that that charming personage, accustomed, as he well deserved, to be Corypheus at his own table, was completely silenced. With his light reading, his rich stores of anecdote, his good-humoured knowledge of the drawing-room world, he had scarce a word that would fit into the great, rough, serious matters which Lord Castleton threw upon the table as he nibbled his toast. Nothing but the most grave and practical subjects of human interest seemed to attract this future leader of mankind. The fact is, that Lord Castleton had been taught everything that relates to *property*, a knowledge which embraces a very wide circumference. It had been said to him, "You will be an immense proprietor—knowledge is essential to your self-preservation. You will be puzzled, bubbled, ridiculed, duped every day of your life, if you do not make yourself acquainted with all by which property is assailed or defended, impoverished or increased. You have a vast stake in the country; you must learn all the interests of Europe—nay, of the civilized world—for those interests react on the country, and the interests of the country are of the greatest possible consequence to the interests of the Marquis of Castleton." Thus the state of the Continent—the policy of Metternich—the condition of the Papacy—the growth of Dissent—the proper mode of dealing with the general spirit of Democracy, which was the epidemic of European monarchies—the relative proportions of the agricultural and manufacturing population—corn-laws, currency, and the laws that regulate wages—a criticism on the leading speakers of the House of Commons, with some discursive observations on the importance of fattening cattle—the introduction of flax into Ireland—emigration—the condition of the poor—the doctrines of Mr. Owen—the pathology of potatoes—the connexion between potatoes, pauperism, and patriotism; these, and such like stupendous subjects for reflection—all branching, more or less intricately, from the single idea of the Castleton property—the young lord discussed and disposed of in half-a-dozen prim, poised sentences, evincing, I must say in justice, no inconsiderable information, and a mighty solemn turn of mind. The oddity was, that the subjects so selected and treated should not come rather from some young barrister, or mature political economist, than from so gorgeous a lily of the field. Of a man less elevated in rank one would certainly have said—"Cleverish, but a prig;" but there really was something so respectable in a personage born to such fortunes, and having nothing to do but to bask in the sunshine, voluntarily taking such pains with himself, and condescending to identify his own interests—the interests of the Castleton property—with the concerns of his lesser fellow mortals, that one felt the young Marquis had in him the stuff to become a very considerable man.

Now for a specimen of a lighter strain,—satire relieved by humour:

A SPECULATOR.

"Have you a new speculation, uncle?" said I, anxiously. "What is it?"

"Mum!" said my uncle, putting his finger to his lip, and looking all round the room—"Mum! Mum! Mum!!!"

PISISTRATUS.—"A Grand National Company for blowing up both Houses of Parliament!"

Mr. Caxton.—"Upon my life, I hope something newer than that; for they, to judge by the newspapers, don't want brother Jack's assistance to blow up each other!"

Uncle Jack, mysteriously.—"Newspapers! You don't often read a newspaper, Austin Caxton!"

Mr. Caxton.—"Granted, John Tibbets!"

Uncle Jack.—"But if my speculation make you read a newspaper every day?"

Mr. Caxton, astounded.—"Make me read a newspaper every day?"

Uncle Jack, warming, and expanding his hands to the re.—"As big as the *Times*!"

Mr. Caxton, uneasily.—"Jack, you alarm me!"

Uncle Jack.—"And make you write in it too,—a leader!"

Mr. Caxton, pushing back his chair, seizes the only weapon at his command, and hurls at Uncle Jack a great sentence of Greek.

Uncle Jack, nothing daunted.—"Ay, and put as much Greek as you like into it!"

Mr. Caxton, relieved, and softening.—"My dear Jack, you are a great man,—let us hear you!"

Then Uncle Jack began. Now perhaps my readers may have remarked that this illustrious speculator was really fortunate in his ideas. His speculations in themselves always had something sound in the kernel, considering how barren they were in the fruit; and this it was that made him so dangerous. The idea Uncle Jack had now got hold of will, I am convinced, make a man's fortune one of these days; and I relate it with a sigh, in thinking how much has gone out of the family. Know, then, it was nothing less than setting up a daily paper on the plan of the *Times*, but devoted entirely to Art, Literature, and Science—*Mental Progress*, in short; I say on the plan of the *Times*, for it was to imitate the mighty machinery of that diurnal illuminator. It was to be the Literary Salmon of the political Jupiter; and rattle its thunder over the bridge of knowledge. It was to have correspondents in all parts of the globe; everything that related to the chronicle of the mind, from the labour of the missionary in the South Sea islands, or the research of a traveller in pursuit of that mirage called Timbuctoo, to the last new novel at Paris, or the last great emendation of a Greek particle at a German university, was to find a place in this focus of light. It was to amuse, to instruct, to interest—there was nothing it was not to do. Not a man in the whole reading public, not only of the three kingdoms, not only of the British empire, but under the cope of heaven, that it was not to touch somewhere, in head, in heart, or in pocket. The most crotchety member of the intellectual community might find his own hobby in those stables.

"Think," cried Uncle Jack—"think of the march of mind—think of the passion for cheap knowledge—think how little quarterly, monthly, weekly journals can keep pace with the main wants of the age. As well have a weekly journal on politics, as a weekly journal on all the matters still more interesting than politics to the mass of the public. My Literary *Times*, once started, people will wonder how they had ever lived without it! Sir, they have not lived without it—they have vegetated—they have lived in holes and caves like the Trogglodikes."

"Trogglodytes," said my father mildly—"from *troggle*, a cave—and *duni*, to go under. They lived in Ethiopia, and their wives in common."

"As to the last point, I don't say that the Public, poor creatures, are as bad as that," said Uncle Jack candidly; "but no simile holds good in all its points. And the public are no less Trogglodummies, or whatever you call them, compared with what they will be when living under the full light of my Literary *Times*. Sir, it will be a revolution in the world. It will bring literature out of the clouds into the parlour, the cottage, the kitchen. The idlest dandy, the finest fine lady, will find something to her taste; the busiest man of the mart and counter will find some acquisition to his practical knowledge. The practical man will see the progress of divinity, medicine, nay, even law. Sir, the Indian will read me under the banyan; I shall be in the seraglio of the East; and over my sheets the

American Indian will smoke the calumet of peace. We shall reduce politics to its proper level in the affairs of life—raise literature to its due place in the thoughts and business of men. It is a grand thought; and my heart swells with pride while I contemplate it!"

"My dear Jack," said my father, seriously, and rising with emotion, "it is a grand thought, and I honour you for it! You are quite right—it would be a revolution! It would educate mankind insensibly. Upon my life, I should be proud to write a leader, or a paragraph. Jack, you will immortalize yourself!"

"I believe I shall," said Uncle Jack, modestly; "but I have not said a word yet on the greatest attraction of all——"

"Ah! and that——"

"The Advertisements!" cried my uncle, spreading his hands, with all the fingers at angles, like the threads of a spider's web. The advertisements—oh, think of them! a perfect *El Dorado*. The advertisements, sir, on the most moderate calculation, will bring us in 50,000*l.* a year. My dear Pisistratus, I shall never marry; you are my heir. Embrace me!"

So saying, my Uncle Jack threw himself upon me, and squeezed out of breath the prudential demur that was rising to my lips.

The Lord of the Manor; or Lights and Shades of Country Life. By THOMAS HALL, author of "Raby Rattler," &c. London: Shoberl. 1849.

MR. HALL'S merits and defects may be summed up in few words. His merits consist in a certain degree of rude energy of imagination, a dashing style, effective but somewhat coarse painting, and unfailing spirits. His defects are a lack of judgment in the choice of his subjects, a deficiency of skill in the weaving of a plot and occasional lapses from good taste. All these were visible in *Raby Rattler*, and they are found in this new adventure under the auspices of Mr. SHOBERL. But upon the balance of account the merits prevail, and there are few who will not be pleased with the perusal of *The Lord of the Manor*. The adventures, if improbable, are so well told, that we read them as we listen to a good after-dinner story, as much for the manner of the telling, as for the substance of the tale. A little extravagance of incident is excused if it be narrated as such, and with no puritanical attempt to palm it upon us for a truth. Nobody believes that GIL BLAS ever did or could have done what is related of him by his biographer; but we do not therefore put him from us as an impostor: we are content for awhile to surrender the reins of reason for the sake of enjoying the ingenuity with which his adventures are conceived, and the wit and spirit with which they are narrated. So it is with the novel before us. A severe criticism will not approve it, because it violates the laws of art; but the patrons of the circulating library are not critics, and they will borrow it and read it with pleasure, because they care very little about canons of criticism, and rules of art, and judge only of effects, and there is enough here to rivet their attention and interest their curiosity.

As it is of less bulk than is usual with novels, *The Lord of the Manor* will at least escape the charge of tediousness. The story is not profound, nor new, nor complicated. It is the history of an illegitimate child of an English baronet, and his Irish mistress whom he prevails upon his groom to marry. The boy passes through various stages of society from this low starting point, and ultimately becomes——but we leave the reader to find this out for himself in Mr. HALL'S volumes. A specimen will suffice.

Among other masters the little rogue enters the service of a Jew impostor, and they thus converse. It must be owned that the portrait, with little variation, would be equally applicable to a numerous body of Christians.

"There are fools in our nation as well as yours: but then they are not half so easily done. Still, there is good pickings to be got out of them. Now I cannot have the least chance unless you can tell one of them when he comes to the door, and then you must give me the proper signal. Now, mark, as you make different rings when different patience comes; so, in this case, you must give another ring entirely. Say three times; and then I shall prepare, and will see if we cannot make these prodigals of Israel pay as well as the fools of other families. I have no doubt of mine own abilities if you are as shure of yours—I means in finding them out."

"Phit," said Jackey, snapping his fingers.

"You are not afraid of the task? you think you can always tell em?"

"Certain as opera-glasses was suggested by snail-horns!"

"Well, now, tell me why, and then I will give you mine plans."

"Oh, if they're black-uns, nothing is so easy; cart-ropes gold-chains across their waistcoats: half-smoked cigars, ditto skins: impudent, greedy, full, black eyes: four coloured finger rings, and one mourning ditto, all of em precious thick: hook noses, gilt buttons, ignorant foreheads, very white linen, biggish jaws, and floberty-bob mouths; and as no old ones are likely to come here, there will be none with big stummock, or, else, if there was, they would be about the size of yourn."

"Vera goot, vera goot, vera. Now the light complexion, mine portrait painter."

"Oh, they're easy known, whether the red-headed ones of Monmouth-street, or the Holywell coves with the German-coloured hair—light. They have none of the other characteristics, only the floberty-bob mouths, shammy walkers, impudent lookers—under ladies' bonnets, and under gentlemen's spectacles, as if they wanted to say—'will you buy a prime box of cigars, or a real-silver pencil-case, with a real cornealian knob?' oh, they'll be easy victims to my ring, will the white Mosses, and there is no fear of the other—see how soon I found yerself out!"

"Bravo, bravo," said the Jew, clapping his left hand with two fingers belonging to that of his right."

Andrew the Savoyard, from the French. Simms & McIntyre.

THIS charming novel, the best of PAUL DE KOCK'S lively and characteristic fictions, has been added to that extraordinary publication, the *Parlour Library*, which one sees everywhere, abroad and at home, in the railway, in the steamboat, by the fire-side. Independently of its cheapness, this series of novels possesses the great advantage over all its predecessors and numerous present rivals, of being admirably selected, presenting the best works of the best authors, and largely resorting to the rich stores of foreign literature. *Andrew the Savoyard* will not be the least popular of the whole.

Waverley Novels. Vols. 45 to 48. Edinburgh: Cadell. 1849.

THESE complete the new and most beautiful, as well as one of the cheapest, of the numerous editions of the *Waverley Novels*, and comprise, *Anne of Geierstein*, *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous*. The size, the type, the illustrations, two in each volume, the ornamental binding, will recommend this edition to the library, the drawing table, and the fire-side reader. We trust it will be followed by a companion series of SCOTT'S Poems, Histories and Life. They who have enjoyed the possession of the novels will be sure to purchase the others also.

The President's Daughters. By MISS BREMER. Slater.

A GOOD translation of this charming novel, in pocket size, and sold at a very small price.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Some Notes of a Tour in Great Britain. By G. FOULETT SCROPE, Esq., M.P.

MR. SCROPE has devoted the recess to a personal inspection of the condition of the labouring population in England Scotland, and Ireland, and the results of his observations he communicated to the *Morning Chronicle* in a series of letters, which are now collected and reprinted in a pamphlet. As they have thus been already before the public, we have now nothing more to do than to announce their appearance in this new and more convenient form.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Ruins of many Lands. A Descriptive Poem. By NICHOLAS MITCHELL, author of "The Traduced," &c. Second edition. London: Tegg & Co. 1850.

WHETHER we have less taste or more fastidiousness than other people we cannot determine, but certainly we are very hard to please in the matter of poetry. We are unable to discern the merit of much that attains a certain degree of popularity, and we often see, or think we see, a great deal of worth in that which makes no way with the general reading world.

This was the case with Mr. MITCHELL'S *Ruins of many Lands*. During the progress of its periodical appearance, we had occasion to notice it frequently, and we said of it what we felt, that it was a respectable, common-place sort of prize poem, with no striking originality of thought, no passages that would become proverbs, right rhyme and metre, proper sentiment, in short, in substance a good bit of didactic description, but not a great poem, nor indeed, apart from its verse form, poetry at all. The same descriptions might have been better given in prose, and if the whole were ploughed up, the shape changed, the allocation of words altered so as to destroy the rhyme and metre, there would be nothing which would lead anybody to suppose that he was reading what had been poetry. This is the true test of poetry, and having tried it in many parts of this volume, we are bound to say that it does not endure it.

Nor is this honest opinion changed by the fact, at which we rejoice, that the world has thought differently on the matter. Mr. MITCHELL'S poem has obtained considerable popularity: we have heard it on more than one occasion very warmly praised by those whose judgment is at least as good as our own, and it has passed into a second edition. It may be, however, that the difference of opinion results from the different aspects in which it is viewed. We look at it simply as a poem, and inquire only whether it be a work of such high art—if it be so instinct with genius, as fairly to hope for immortality. Others may have considered rather its merits of *verse*, the *sentiment* it breathes, and the *harmony* it displays. As we have read it to seek poetry, they may have read it for information. In that its recommendations are great; but the doubt we feel is, whether learning is not always better conveyed in prose than in rhyme, and whether Mr. MITCHELL might not have made still more impression, and done more good, if he had written his description of the *Ruins of many Lands* in plain prose. He would have saved himself a great deal of trouble voluntarily imposed by the fetters of verse, and his readers would have derived the same if not greater benefit.

While thus frankly stating our opinion of this poem, we must heartily congratulate Mr. MITCHELL on the fact that it has not been shared by the rest of the world, but that he has found both critics and readers who hold that to be a great poem which to us appears to be only very respectable prose turned into more than respectable verse.

The Parables of our Lord translated into Verse, &c. By the Rev. E. EYRE, M.A. London: Jarrold & Co.

WE are always loth to frown upon good intentions, but our duty as critics compels us to pronounce our verdict upon performances. On more than one occasion we have expressed our disapproval of attempts to turn Scripture into verse. However well done, it will not be improved by the process, and if badly done, it is offensive.

What could have possessed Mr. EYRE to attempt the perversion into rhymes and metre of the beautiful parables of the Bible? Can he believe that he betters them by the process? No vanity, however egregious, would confess this. Are they, then, damaged by the translation? They are. But why take the trouble, when the result is worthless? Young persons will be more impressed by the language of the Scriptures, so simply grand, than by Mr. EYRE's travestie of it. At the best, then, it is a lost labour; but we must confess that to us it appears very like desecration.

The Patriot: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By GEORGE STEPHENS. London: Mitchell. 1849.

THIS is an unacted tragedy by a gentleman who has written, we believe, one or two dramas that have met with some success. They are not known to us; but if they were not better written than this, it is marvellous how any manager could accept, or any audience endure, them. We give one passage in proof:

ISABELLA (aside).
What ails my blood? It courses through my veins,
My soul's on fire: I'm choked and seem to perish;
But will suppress my scream. The pain is gone.
Were you not speaking, Sir, about — about —
What's this? Pray tell me.

CASTALDO.
Of my passion, Lady.

ISABELLA.
Passion! I see: Passion! 'T has many senses,
And plays in each the abortive casuit.

And of such stuff as this, and much that is worse, is *The Patriot* made. Is the reader satisfied?

The Tragedies of Sophocles: in English Prose. The Oxford Translation. London: Bohn. 1849.

THIS is the new volume of *Bohn's Classical Library*, and here we are presented with the best existing translation of the immortal plays of *Sophocles* complete, at a price less than the cost of binding any former edition. With the help of Mr. BOHN's enterprise, those who are ignorant of Latin and Greek may now acquire a better knowledge of Latin and Greek authors than many possess who have enjoyed what is called a classical education.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Finchley Manuals of Industry. No. 1. Cooking: London: Masters.

THIS is a happy thought. There has been projected, for the use of the Finchley National Schools, a series of books to teach the children trained there the services they will be required to perform in after life. The first is devoted to instructions in cooking. It is in the form of dialogue, supposed to be between a mistress and her young servant, and in the most simple, intelligible, and colloquial manner, the most practical and economical methods of cooking, managing the kitchen, bread-baking, brewing, pickling, &c., are described by the former to the latter. Although with so humble a design, this is far from being a mere school-book. It will be found extremely useful in many households for which it was not written. Indeed, so highly pleased are we with it, that we have directed that a copy of it be always kept in our own kitchen, and recommended the like to our friends. There is not a cook, however accomplished, who might not profit by its plain and practical instructions, and few housekeepers who will not be the wiser for reading it.

MUSIC.

Der Freischütz (the Free Shooter): a Lyric Folk-Drama. Written by FREDERICK KIND: the Music composed by CARL MARIA VON WEBER. Revised from the Orchestral Score by W. S. ROCKSTRO, Pupil of Dr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. London: Boosey & Co.

FROM notices that have appeared from time to time of the monthly parts, our readers are aware that Mr. BOOSEY has undertaken the bold, but successful, enterprise of publishing a complete series of the *Standard*

Lyric Drama, in a form that will enable it to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed in English Homes, and at a price which will bring it within the reach of the most moderate means. The plan of the work is this:—

We are first presented with an original, minute, and very interesting memoir of the composer. This is followed by an account of the opera contained in the volume, and in which we learn the traditions upon which the plot is founded; and a translation is given of the original German legend. Then we have the drama itself translated into English, and then the original text of two or three of the scenes. We come now to the music, which is entirely arranged for the pianoforte. The overture is followed by the opera, which is given in full, with a pianoforte accompaniment and set for ordinary voices, such as one is wont to find in private society—not a recitative nor a chorus omitted. For the convenience of those who are unacquainted with the original language, an English translation, word for word, and almost syllable for syllable, is placed above the German, so that either may be used at the option of the singer. Further interest is imparted to the music by the introduction of the *scenery* and the *action* which are intended to accompany it upon the stage, and which are necessary to enable the performer to give the right expression to the various passages. Having the scene in his mind's eye, he will feel the meaning of the music, and feeling it he will almost unconsciously express it properly. In like manner he is informed, at the foot of the page, for what instrument it was composed, so that he may temper his tone in accordance with the composer's conception. The typography is beautiful, the paper excellent, the size portable without being tedious to read, and altogether it is the most valuable and welcome musical works which has been projected in England, and will certainly become the most popular. We may hint that it will be an excellent volume to take with us to the performance of the opera, enabling us to follow at once both the words and the music, and thus more thoroughly to appreciate the latter.

The memoir of WEBER is the best that has yet appeared in England, and the author has been favoured with a good deal of his correspondence, which he has introduced with excellent effect. From these we take one or two interesting passages. In a letter to his wife, to whom he appears to have been much attached, he thus describes his reception in London:

WEBER'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent-garden, where "*Rob Roy*," an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better view of it, some one called out "*Weber, Weber!*" and though I drew back immediately, there followed a clamour of applause that I thought never would have ended. Then the overture to the "*Freischütz*" was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm again broke loose. Fortunately "*Rob Roy*" began, and things gradually became quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm disposition, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play *Reiza* divinely—Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors, and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of "*Oberon*." After I had heard the second act of "*Rob Roy*," I went to a concert in Hanover-square, at which all the principal vocalists sang, including Veluti. Paton came later, after the opera, and knocked them all on the head by her singing of an aria. I also heard Riesewetter there, and many others. Are these your "*cold English*" of whom I have been told so often? Their enthusiasm is incredible.

And thus affectionately and gratefully does he relate the triumph of

THE FIRST NIGHT OF OBERON.

My best beloved Lina! Through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most com-

plete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted by huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought never would have done. They insisted on enacting the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. Braham's air encoored; in the second act, *Fatima's* romance and the quartet encoored; they wanted the finale twice as well, but that scene was not gone through again. In the third act, *Fatima's* ballad encoored. At the conclusion I was called for before the curtain, amidst a perfect storm of applause, an honour which no composer has hitherto met with in England. The whole went off admirably, and all congratulate me on my success. So much for this night, dear life, from your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace till he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven.

The troubles of a composer endeavouring to adapt himself to English tastes and a singer's whims are thus revealed:

WEBER AND BRAHAM.

I must now tell you a little history, which gives me additional work, otherwise my labour would be at an end. The people are gone clean mad about the *scenas* in "*Freischütz*," and the singers talk of nothing else but *recitatives*, *andantes*, *allegros*, &c. Braham has got this into his head, and begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first horrible. I could not hear of it. At last I promised when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a con-founded battle-piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation only. So I have now told you of my only sorrow here—not so bitter a one though after all.

The literary portion of the volume is worth the price of the whole.

Der Wanderer's Lebenswohl. Waltz. By JOHN STRAUSS. London: Cocks & Co.

Alice Polka. For the Pianoforte. By STRAUSS. Ibid.

March of the Royal Horse Guards. By STRAUSS. Ibid.

Almack's Quadrille. For the Pianoforte. By STRAUSS. Ibid.

THE death of the composer, lamented by all Europe, gives additional interest and value to these, which were among his latest compositions; indeed, the first of them, *The Wanderer's Farewell*, was laid upon his coffin, as his last work—in its subject and tone almost prophetic. Unlike the usual strain of his waltzes, which are remarkable for cheerfulness, this has much of that melancholy which distinguished the last waltz of WEBER; it is impossible to listen to it without being subdued to a sort of pleasing sadness. The *Alice Polka*, the *March*, and the *Quadrille*, are new to the English public. They were written by the composer during his visit to this country last summer, and performed with ever new applause by his unrivalled band. They are now set for the pianoforte with great care and skill, and losing nothing of their effect, so that every owner of an instrument will be enabled to enjoy the charming music which has hitherto been the prize of the few. They will be the *fashion* at the coming Christmas parties.

RELIGION.

The Examination of Calvinism by the Test of the Holy Scripture, &c. By the Rev. W. HOUGHTON. Second edition. London: Cleaver. 1849.

ONE of those works in controversial theology, in respect of which we could not do more than record its appearance, as a *fact* in the literary history of the time

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brand's Popular Antiquities. Edited by Sir HENRY ELLIS. Vol. 3. Bohn. 1849.

THIS completes one of the most acceptable of the contributions yet made to Mr. BOHN's *Antiquarian Library*. It is a book which may be read now with as much or even with more zest than ever as a memorial of times gone by—a record of manners and customs of which ere long no other trace will remain. In this volume the author and editors treat of Sorcery, Ghosts, Gipsies, Obsolete Vulgar Punishments, Omens, Charms, Divinations, Vulgar Errors, and Miscellaneous Topics not properly falling within either of the previous divisions. An extensive index affords ready access to any of the miscellaneous themes touched upon in this remarkable and most interesting work.

ART.

An Artist's Ramble in the North of Scotland By MICHAEL BOUQUET. Three Plates of Figures by GAVARNI. London: Ackermann and Co. 1849.

THE Queen's love for Scotland has taught her English subjects to love it also, and the tide of tourists has lately been turned thither from the less interesting scenery of the Rhine. But alike to those who have as to those who have not explored the beauties of the scenery of the North of Scotland, will a skilful artist's representations of them be acceptable; to the former as recalling past pleasures; to the latter as conveying some idea of what the places are he has so often heard and read of, and what enjoyment he may anticipate from a visit to them. Such a welcome publication is Mr. BOUQUET's *Artist's Ramble*. It contains no less than twenty-five large lithographs of scenes sketched with admirable taste and a most truthful hand by the artist during his late summer's ramble in the North of Scotland.

It opens appropriately with a fine view of Balmoral Castle, the Highland Residence of the Queen, and Mr. BOUQUET has chosen a very picturesque point of view for his sketch. The foliage here is singularly effective. *Salmon Fishery at Berry Hill* produces almost the effect of colour; it would make a delicious picture. *Lord James Hay's Park*, at Seaton House, might be produced as a proof of the pictorial capabilities of lithography—no engraving could have told so well; the perspective of this is wonderful. *Old Balgonnie Bridge*, near Aberdeen, is a charming composition, instinct with the soul of summer. *The Banks of the Dee* is a spirited drawing; the shadows are made to melt into the light, and the water shades off from sunlight into gloom, as we see it in nature always, but not always in pictures. This is followed by one of GAVARNI's characteristic sketches, a Highland group engaged in the game of *Putting the Stone*, faces, figures, and attitudes instinct with life, and telling the story as truthfully as if we had been looking at the very scene which this clever artist has thus made immortal. *Highlanders' Huts* are drawn with a bold hand, and there is a tone and hue about it thoroughly Scotch. The spot is represented just as it is, without that attempt to make a picture by which so many artists mar their work, seeming to suppose that they can improve nature. *Ruins of Dunnottar Castle* is in a different style, but of equal merit; proving the various powers possessed by Mr. BOUQUET. The glancing lights upon the dark rocks have been cleverly thrown in, and the transparency of the water is marvellous. But perhaps the greatest triumph as a work of art is that entitled *Waiting for a Roe*. It is nothing but a bit of forest, but this is so skilfully managed that there is neither confusion nor stiffness, and the lights introduced in so judiciously that we look through and measure the depths among the stems and branches. *A View on the Coast, near Peterhead*, thoroughly conveys an idea of the wild, rocky, and rugged spot, inhabited only by the sea-fowl, and eternally washed by the spray of the salt waves that dash and roar and rave among the crags. It is a scene on which the eye will dwell a long time, because it awakens the imagination, and fancy is busy while the taste is gratified. Contrasted with this is the calm, rural scenery of the *Waterfall of the Don*, which again gives place to a reminiscence of *Moonlight in the Bulters of Buchan*, the very spot for tradition to people

with fables—in itself a romance, and the spirit of which has been cleverly caught by the artist. Another bit of GAVARNI is a group of three *Highland Girls washing Clothes*, not quite so effective as its companion, but such as he only could have drawn. *Cattle on the Banks of the Don* is equal to any composition of CRESWICK, or COOPER and LEE. What a painting it would make! *The Pot of Buchan* is a view of some remarkable rocks near Peterhead. *Evening on the Banks of the Dee* might have been supposed to be a poet's dream, were we not assured that it is a faithful transcript of nature. The *Lighthouse near Peterhead* is a bit of sea and shore. Perhaps *A Stream in the Highlands* conveys upon the whole the most accurate conception of the true Highland scenery of any of the views of this volume, for it gives the aspect of the heathery hills, and the form of an expanse of country. From this we turn to a peep of the towers of the Cathedral of Aberdeen as seen from the river, peering above the masses of foliage, and thence we are transported suddenly to a scene of *Moonrise in the Valley of Cairn Gorin*, another truly Highland recollection, which once beheld is never forgotten. The volume is appropriately closed with a third sketch from the pencil of GAVARNI, a *Highland Piper*, with the listening group around him, so real and life-like that one almost fancies one can hear the drone of the bagpipe, and that he will walk out of the picture. GAVARNI has never done anything so great and so full of genius as the three sketches he has contributed to this extraordinary volume.

Such an acquisition to the drawing-room table and the portfolio has not appeared for a long time. Indeed there is scarcely one of the whole collection which would not be worth framing and placing in a gallery as a work of high art, and yet it is published at a price that would be deemed small for very inferior productions. It is, the best specimen of lithography we have ever seen.

The Anatomy of the External Forms of Man; intended for the use of Artists, Painters, and Sculptors. By Doctor J. FARR. Edited, with additions, by ROBERT KNOX, M.D. Lecturer on Anatomy. With an Atlas of 28 Plates. 4to. London: Baillière. 1849.

AN intimate knowledge of anatomy is essential to the artist. But, as is well observed in the preface to this work, it is not enough for the artist, as for the surgeon, to learn the positions and uses of bones, muscles, and sinews; he must study also their forms, and not only the form of each, but the result of their combinations. A lecturer on anatomy imagines himself teaching artistic anatomy, when, in truth, he has merely been describing the bones and muscles to his audience, without ever directing their attention to the results of their arrangements; and when, at the end of the course, the student has copied one or two dissected figures, he fancies that he thoroughly understands the anatomy of forms, and that he has completed his anatomical studies!

Dr. FARR powerfully exposes this error, and indicates what it is the artist requires. But where is he to obtain this knowledge? The best existing work upon the subject is that of M. DE MONTABERT. But it is superficial in its treatment of many parts of it, and the plates are insufficient, and the price so great that few artists can afford to possess it. M. GERDY's work on "The Anatomy of Forms," is, perhaps, more practical and more accessible, but it is not quite what is required. Believing that there was need of something that would improve upon its predecessors, Dr. FARR prepared the plan of the work, which he afterwards published, which obtained immediate success abroad, and is now translated for the use of our own artists, professional and amateur.

The treatise is divided into two parts. The first comprises general considerations on man, and the modifications he undergoes under the influence of moral and physical causes; the characters of the different temperaments and races of men; a brief sketch of the human organization, and a description of the skeleton; the articulations or joints, and their functions; animal mechanics; and a description of the contours of the external surface of the integument; the indication of the principal causes of forms; and the mode of measuring all the parts of the body, and determining the proportions.

The second part is devoted to considerations on the osseous forms; the forms and changes in them produced by muscular movements, by age, sex, &c.; and the

treatise concludes with some examples of the anatomy of forms applied to the study of the antique statues.

This work is addressed exclusively to artists, and, therefore, the above description of its contents will be its best recommendation. The plates that accompany it in a separate portfolio are very well executed. To the student it will be invaluable, and the most accomplished artist will profit by its perusal. It will be as necessary a part of the furniture of the studio as the easel or the palette. The lay-figure will be found vastly more useful if reference be made to this volume before it is set up.

The Art and Practice of Etching: with Directions for other Methods of Light and Entertaining Engraving. By HENRY ALKEN. London: Fuller & Co. 1849.

ETCHING is the branch of engraving which amateurs can best cultivate. It is a pretty, clean, and elegant art, adapted to the fingers of the most delicate lady, and not so difficult but that it may be successfully achieved by one of moderate attainments. The publicity given to the fact that it is a favourite occupation with Her Majesty and her excellent Consort, has directed to it the attention of thousands of her subjects who have taste and leisure for its pursuit, and etching has become a favourite amusement in family circles.

A very timely publication, therefore, is this of Mr. ALKEN, whose experience peculiarly adapts him to be a teacher. In the little volume before us he has given the most minute instructions for self-education in the art of etching, and illustrated them by specimens, so that the learner will only need to follow his directions attentively and he will accomplish himself in it without further assistance;—that is, if he has some natural taste for drawing, for he must draw before he can etch.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A FINE marble statue has just been excavated in the Trastevere. The subject is considered by some to be Apollo, and by others Meleager. Since the last session of Parliament closed, the remaining stained glass windows of the House of Lords have been completed, and Mr. Dyce at one end of the house, and Mr. Maclise at the other, are fast proceeding with their frescoes. The public sale of the objects of art, left by the late sculptor Thorwaldsen, commenced on the 8th at Copenhagen. His statue in white marble of Ganymede was bought for 30,000*fr.* by M. Jueth, Minister of Spain in Denmark, and the complete collection of Thorwaldsen's plaster works by M. Charles Blanc, for the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris. The Committee intrusted with the management of the Rutland Testimonial have selected Mr. Edward Davis to model and cast in bronze a full-length statue of the Duke—to be erected when finished, in the market-place of Leicester. The competing models have been for some days on view in the County Hall in that city.—It will be a most welcome piece of news to all the lovers of Mozart, to hear that a Mr. C. A. Audre, in Frankfort, has been so fortunate as to discover a portrait painted in oil, and taken from life. The painter was the celebrated artist of the last century, a Mr. J. H. Tischbein, of Mayence. The picture itself was sold by auction along with the effects of a musician, the late Mr. Stutzel, who was court violinist to the last Elector of Mayence Erthal.—On Wednesday week the merchants, bankers, and traders of London, assembled in the Mansion House, to receive a deputation from His Royal Highness Prince Albert, commissioned to take the sense of the metropolis on his magnificent project for an Exhibition, in 1851, of the Industry of all Nations. Mr. Henry Cole explained what had been done and what it was proposed to do; and the plan met with a hearty welcome and a willing co-operation. The meeting resulted in the formation of a Committee, to promote the proposal of his Royal Highness. It is purposed that a Royal Commission shall issue appointing the tribunal by which the prizes are to be adjudicated—so as to give more importance and dignity to the award.—The *Athenaeum*, thus describes and comments upon a real calamity to the artistic world.—“We are sorry to hear of a misfortune which has befallen one of the pictures the property of the nation in Trafalgar Square. This picture, the work of Mr. Hart, the Royal Academician, forms part of the Vernon Collection,—and was in course of being engraved for publication when the accident (if that be the proper name) occurred. It appears that—contrary to the directions under which engravers are permitted to work in this Gallery—the engraver in this instance, in mak-

ing his copy, lightened his labour by pressing the threads of his reducing frame against the picture intrusted to him; by which pressure the materials employed in the painting have become disintegrated—we are given to understand, beyond the chance of recovery.”

—*La Presse* informs us of the discovery in the Sainte-Chapelle (adjoining the Palais de Justice) of a curious painting on a gold ground, which is traced as far back as the 13th century. Rudely executed on the wall, without any preparation, this painting, in which were evidently employed colours of the most delicate and variable character, such as lakes, has nevertheless retained all its freshness; and, what is more remarkable, it is found placed in the lower chapel on a wall bearing the marks of constant damp, caused by the contiguity of the famous gallery of the palace, the demolition of which is now happily recognized as indispensable; moreover, it was covered with three coats of yellow chalk, which it was found necessary to remove by a copious application of water. The scene represents the “Annunciation;” the angel is presenting a lily branch to the Virgin, who holds in her hand a book. These figures are about four feet high. In a medallion above is seen the Virgin holding the infant Jesus on her knees, and two angels offering incense.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From October 15 to November 1, 1849.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. J. MURRAY.

Life of Oliver Goldsmith. (2 Parts of Home and Colonial Library.)

From Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.

Sir Edward Graham. 3 Vols.
An Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative of Ireland.

Ned Allen: or the Past Age. 2 vols.

A Guide to the Daily Service of the Church of England.

From Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co.

Shirley. A Tale. By CURTIS BELL. 3 vols.
From Messrs. TAYLOR, WALTON, and Co.
Development of Difference, the Basis of Unity: a Lecture. History and Etymology of the English Language.

From Messrs. SIMPKIN and Co.

History of Great Britain and Ireland.

From Messrs. BLACKWOOD.

The Caxtons: a Family Picture. 3 vols.
History of the Discovery of America: written for Children.

From Messrs. TEGG and Co.

Adventures of a Medical Student. 2nd Edition.
Ruins of Many Lands: a Poem. 2nd Edition.

From Mr. GEORGE SLATER.

The President's Daughter.
The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems.

From Mr. J. OLIVIER.

Tactics for the Times.
Two Pamphlets.

An Exposition of the Church Catechism.

From Mr. E. WILSON.

Parallels between the Constitution and Constitutional History.

From Messrs. JOHNSTONE and HUNTER.

Health made Easy for the People.

From Messrs. HALL, VIRTUE, and Co.

Toil and Trouble: a Story of London Life.

From Mr. JAMES DARLING.

A Letter addressed to Congregational Dissenters.

From Mr. H. G. COLLINS.

An Essay on the Source and Construction of the English Language.

From Mr. J. H. PARKER.

A Treatise on Benefit Building Societies.

From Messrs. FULLER.

The Art and Practice of Etching.

From Mr. H. COLBURN.

The Maid of Orleans. 3 vols.

From Mr. H. BAILLIÈRE.

Anatomy for Artists.

Farr and Knox's Anatomy of the External Forms of Man.

From Messrs. WILCOX and Co.

Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange.

From Mr. W. J. CLEVER.

An Examination of Calvinism.

Fairclough's Poems.

From Messrs. JARROLD and SONS.

The Parables: in Verse.

From Mr. JAMES RIDGWAY.

Two Pamphlets.

From Messrs. BOOSEY and Co.

The Standard Lyric Drama. Vol. 5.

From Mr. GEORGE EARLE.
Sketches of Cantabs.

From Mr. H. G. CLARKE.
Ostre-Mer. By Longfellow.

From Mr. C. MITCHELL.
The Patriot. A Tragedy.
Trevanion; or the False Position. A Play.

From Mr. JOSEPH MASTERS.
Cooking. (Vol. 1 of the Finchley Manuals of Industry.)

From Messrs. COCKS and Co.
Four Pieces of Music.

From Messrs. ACKERMANN and Co.
An Artist's Ramble in the North of Scotland.
Free Hand Studies. 2 Plates.

From Messrs. RIVINGTON.
One Pamphlet.

From Messrs. WILLIAMS and NORGATE.
Oehlenschläger's Tragödien.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—Again successful, the fortune of the season has been made at its very commencement by a new piece entitled *Mrs. Bunbury's Spoons*. The plot is but the vehicle for Adelphi humour and some clever stage effects, the principal of which is the skating scene that attracted so much at the opera during the last season, and was one of the striking features in *La Prophete*. The plot is thus described in one of the daily papers, and from this our readers will see what a budget of fun is in store for them. *Mrs. Bunbury*, being of a somewhat gay turn of mind, conceives an extraordinary attachment for public fêtes, and *Mr. Bob Twinks*, a solicitor's clerk, has made arrangements to accompany her to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. It is the occasion of a grand fête on the frozen lake, and *Mrs. Bunbury* equips herself in a most bewitching costume, in order to captivate *Mr. Twinks*, who had represented himself to her as possessed of much brighter prospects than ever lawyer's clerk was blessed with. *Mrs. Bunbury* being thus prepared, *Twinks* himself makes his appearance at the manufactory of tarts and sweetmeats in the dress of a Hungarian, with a huge fur cap and a German umbrella. Whilst the audience are enjoying the joke which this costume (as displayed by WRIGHT, who plays the part in question) gives rise to, *Twinks* is left alone in the widow's apartment, and he takes the opportunity of inspecting *Mrs. B.'s* plate, in order to ascertain what sort of property he would become possessed of by marrying the lady. In performing this inquisitorial office, he lights upon *Mrs. Bunbury's spoons*, and by some accident or other (which only an expert dramatist could appreciate) puts them into the pockets of his indescribable unmentionables. This bit of stage theft is discovered by one *Job Smith* (a journeyman in the employ of the widow), who, being jealous of his mistress's attentions to the lawyer's clerk, takes care to inform against the delinquent. *Twinks*, however, goes to the fête at the Zoological Gardens, in the dress of a Bavarian broom-girl, and he there encounters, not only *Mrs. Bunbury*, but *Mr. Highbury Barnes* (PAUL BEDFORD) and his rival *Job Smith*. When we say that this masquerade introduces WRIGHT as a *Broom-girl*, O. SMITH as *Satan*, and PAUL BEDFORD as *Harlequin*, the intensity of the ludicrous in this scene may be imagined. The *pas des patineurs* was performed with remarkable skill and grace, and reflects great credit on the training of Mr. COYNE, the ballet master. The piece will have a long run, but it would be as well to go soon, because it is probable that, having seen it once, the reader may wish to go again.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The opera of *Somnambula* has alternated with *Don Giovanni*: got up in like manner, that is to say, translated into English, and some of the recitatives exchanged for dialogue, but preserving the whole of the music with that exception. A series of such delightful entertainments are promised. Miss LOUISA PYNE, as *Amina*, added to her growing popularity, and proved herself to be possessed of higher qualities, both as an actress and as a singer, than even her most sanguine friends could have anticipated. A new farce has also been produced, entitled *The Major's Daughter*, which has proved successful. We borrow a sketch of the plot. The principal character is a bashful and over-modest student of the law *Mr. Christopher Blushley* (MR. FOREMAN). He retires from his chambers in the Temple to quiet lodgings elsewhere, in order to escape the riot and debaucheries of his fellows. Here, however, he is soon found out by one of his old associates, the nonchalant *Septimus Orfhand* (MR. A. WIGAN), who consumes his friend's edibles, appropriates his wardrobe, and his money, and forces him into secreting the *Major's* daughter (Miss

LOUISA HOWARD) in his apartments, where she is discovered by her father, and the modest man is only redeemed from a promise of marriage, or rather from the confession of a marriage already having taken place, and a duel, by the *dénouement*. Many excellent jokes were scattered about it, and we may sincerely congratulate the author (MR. BRIDGEMAN) on the success of this, his first dramatic work.—A great triumph for the English Lyric Drama has been achieved at this theatre. On Saturday evening MR. MACFARREN produced his opera of *King Charles the Second*, and high as were the expectations of those who knew the author's abilities, the reality far surpassed them. It was an era in the history of our national music. The libretto is little more than an adaptation of the very amusing comic drama, so well known by the title of *Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch*, and with which every one of our readers is probably familiar. As the plot is strictly observed, no further description of it is necessary. The overture is extremely spirited, and prepared the audience for the treat that followed. It was received with loud and prolonged applause. The first scene did not attract particular attention, and it was what is termed “dragging,” until the appearance of the page *Julian*, personated by MR. MACFARREN. Then began the life and spirit of the scene. Her first air, a ballad, *She shines before me like a Star*, gave universal pleasure, and roused the audience to listen. It was the lady's first appearance on the stage, and it was so graceful, so full of feeling, yet so modest withal, and sung with so full and fine a tone, that she was greeted at its close with rapturous acclamations. A duet between the *King* (HARRISON), and *Rochester* (CORRI), was brilliant and lively. The scene at Wapping followed, and all the effect was given to it which art could accomplish. It introduced Miss LOUISA PYNE as *Fanny Copp*, and she fully sustained the high reputation she has won by her previous performances. Her ballad, *Hope and Fear alternate vying*, will be a popular favourite, and the duet with her lover *O, blest are young Hearts*, is a composition of which any composer, living or dead, abroad or at home, might be proud. Advantage is taken of this scene to relieve the attention of the ear, by a May-pole dance, and a rustic revel, which introduces some music truly English in its style and sentiment, closing with a superb chorus. The second act is equally full of good things. WEISS, as *Captain Copp*, sings in nautical fashion a ballad such as DIBDIN might have written—and was encored. In a scene between *Fanny* and her lover *Julian*, a sweet little air is introduced, *Canst thou deem my Heart is changing?* In the scene at Whitehall, a madrigal is sung, *Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing?* which might vie with the most perfect of those compositions transmitted to us from the olden time, and it was performed with a perfection of harmony that left nothing to be desired. In the midst of this gay and brilliant assemblage, the appearance of *Captain Copp* and *Fanny* is amusingly represented, and great effect is given by contrast to her sweet little ballad, *A poor simple Maiden am I*, which was vehemently encored, and which will also become a drawing-room favourite. The finale was as fine as anything in the opera, and was also called for a second time. Heartily do we congratulate composer, manager and actors, on the triumph they have achieved, alike for the honour of English music, and for their own. All have their share of merit in the successful result. MR. MACFARREN has proved himself to possess genius which, with steady cultivation, must raise him to eminence in his art. MR. MADDOX has spared nothing that taste and money could effect to place this opera worthily upon the stage; and all of the performers exerted themselves to the utmost to do justice to the ability of the author and the liberality of the manager. The result has been a production which, all who admire genius and love good music, or who can enjoy beautiful scenery, tasteful grouping, and clever acting, should not omit to visit, and we hope that crowded benches and enthusiastic greetings will, for many nights to come, be the reward of this bold and successful enterprise.

HAYMARKET.—MACREADY continues to attract enthusiastic crowds. So desirous does all the world appear to see him in his two great characters of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, that these were repeated for many nights, for there is no diminution of the crowd at the door, and the benches are only half extensive enough for those who wish to occupy them. LEAR has succeeded to them, and is even still more successful in attracting a crowd. Miss NISBET fills the house on the alternate nights, repeating her charming round of characters with ever-renewed applause, and with unflagging spirits and vivacity. Her inimitable laugh is as joyous as ever.

COLOSSEUM.—The long evenings are attracting the

usual streams of visitors to this delightful lounge, where sculpture, music, the magnificent Panorama of Paris, in itself a miracle, the conservatories, the Swiss cottages, and above all, that never tiring cyclorama, delight alike the eye and the mind.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

We have heard it stated, that Mr. Balfe will not resume his conductorship at *Her Majesty's Theatre*, and that he will possibly be replaced by either M. Thalberg or Signor Schira.—It is rumoured that Mrs. Butler is about to marry Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., of Stockbridge.—“Solomon” is the oratorio selected by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* for their first performance in November.—Mlle. Rachael has retired from the *Théâtre Français*, after eleven years' service.—The *Paris Italian Opera* is announced to commence its season on the first of November. Mr. Lumley is in eager negotiation (so the French papers assure us), to get hold of the direction which is at present to re-open under the auspices of Signor Ronconi. One of the *corps* selected for this winter's campaign is Mlle. Vera. Among the ladies are, Madame Persiani and Mlle. Angri; also, Madame Nini Barbieri. The show of tenors is not very rich,—consisting solely of Signori Mariani and Flavio.—M. Berlioz is said by the Parisian journals to be just finishing a new sacred composition on a grand scale.—Letters from Ems state that Jenny Lind has quitted the Rhineland for Stockholm, where it is her intention to pass the winter. Mr. Lumley recently appeared at Ems, with a view to inducing her to engage herself to his theatre for the next season, but she declined all proposals made by the London manager.—The success which has attended the representation of the political satire, the *Foire aux Idées*, at the Theatre of the Vaudeville, in Paris, has encouraged the authors to add to the entertainment of the public by a fourth number, which was performed on Saturday to a crowded audience, and was announced for repetition. The present piece is still more burlesque and biting than the preceding parts. It is also bolder in its caricature of Republican institutions, and holds up to ridicule the events of the 24th of February; and the applause which greets every incident and every couplet having more particular reference to those events is, if possible, more enthusiastic than that which welcomed the first three parts, or the famous *Propriété c'est le Vol*. The title chosen by the authors for this, which it is to be hoped is the concluding part of the drama, is the three words inscribed on the sides of the Republican triangle—viz., “Liberty,” “Equality,” and “Fraternity;” each of which is the theme of a tableau of the most grotesque kind, intermixed with songs the cutting satire of which is certainly carried to an extreme point.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

“NO PLACE LIKE HOME.”—The following is a curious instance of the attachment of the canine race to the localities in which they have long resided. The subject is a little animal, a cross between a cocker and a terrier, the property of a fisherman at Alturle near Inverness. In the month of July she was made over to a person in Buckie, a fishing village, distant sixty miles, and a friend having to go thither, “Beauty” was committed to his charge. The two set out for their destination, and travelled as far as Hopeman. This was but half-way, and the rest of the journey was performed by water. A week passed away, and all was thought right, but on the day se'ennight after her departure, while the honest fisher and his family were enjoying their frugal evening meal, “Beauty” entered her old domicile, passed hurriedly with wagging tail, and made a spring into her master's lap. Some time after it transpired that the person with whom she left home had gone into a boat at Buckie, the day after his arrival, leaving her on the beach. Probably imagining herself deserted, she at once started for home; but how she found her way over so long a road—the half of which she had never traversed before—is a question not easily answered. (*From a Correspondent.*)

WATERSPOUTS.—On Tuesday the 4th ult., a few minutes after one o'clock P.M., a remarkable waterspout was seen off the mouth of the harbour of Llanelli, of which the *Cambrian* newspaper says:—“It descended rather low, but was not observed to touch the surface of the sea. It was situate at the very verge of a par-

ticularly dense blue-black cloud, and as the spout drew up again into it, we could very distinctly observe the cloud spread out wider and wider the faster it drew up. It was very dark on the margin, but all down the centre there appeared an aqueous light streak, which gave it more the appearance of a tube. It did not separate at all whilst ascending. This one had scarcely been withdrawn more than eight minutes, when another descended rapidly, much more to the west, it being then about the middle of the Wormhead Bay. This was very similar to the one which had just disappeared, only that it seemed to descend quicker, and to contain a greater quantity of water, and appeared to the eye about three feet in diameter, and it came down much lower than the previous one, but still it did not quite touch the water. It moved forward at the rate of about ten miles an hour, the wind blowing from the north-west at the time. When going up again it had not ascended very high, when the lower part of it swung round very suddenly into an oblique direction, forming an angle of about 20°; but it soon resumed its former perpendicular position. From the time of the latter descending and ascending again, eleven minutes elapsed by our watches. Neither of these waterspouts was accompanied by either thunder or lightning, as is very frequently the case with these phenomena. We understand that it is about ten or twelve years ago since one made its appearance, and it then swept over the land; and, in Langennech, the force of the circular motion of the wind was so great, that it drew up leaves, small twigs, and loose branches, and birds which happened to come within its influence, but did very little damage to the place.

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

THE Kent Mutual Fire-office has just issued the following instructions to assist persons to escape from premises when on fire. They say—“the want of presence of mind at the time of an alarm of fire is by far the greatest hindrance to an escape, and for this no regulation can be laid down; but a few simple directions to be observed by the bystanders and inmates, well considered and acted upon in time of safety, will, in a great measure, tend to discreet and successful efforts in the hour of danger.

FOR INMATES.

1. Every householder should make each person in his house well acquainted with the parts thereof which afford the best means of escape, whether the fire break out at the top or at the bottom; and in securing the street-door and lower windows for the night, care should be taken that an easy outlet for every member of the house is not thus prevented in case of fire. There are many excellent fire escapes invented for keeping in dwelling-houses, amongst which may be mentioned, Thompson's, Baylis's, Butler's, and Lee's.

2. Inmates at the first alarm, should endeavour calmly to reflect what means of escape there are in the house; if in bed at the time, wrap themselves in a blanket or bedside carpet, and open neither window nor doors more than necessary, and shut every door after them.

3. It must be borne in mind that in the midst of smoke it is comparatively clear towards the ground, consequently progress through the smoke can be made on the hands and knees; if there is much smoke, a wet silk handkerchief, or worsted stocking or other flannel substance, drawn over the face, without being folded, permits free breathing, and excludes the smoke from the lungs.

4. In the event of being unable to escape either by the street door or roof, the persons in danger, should immediately make their way to a front room window, taking care to close the door after them; and those who have the charge of the household, should ascertain that every individual is there assembled.

5. All persons thus circumstanced are earnestly entreated not to precipitate themselves from the window while there remains the least probability of assistance; and even in the last extremity, recourse may generally be had to joining sheets or blankets together, fastening one end round a bed-post or other piece of furniture in the room. This will enable one person to lower all the others separately, and the last may let himself down with comparatively little risk.

In all such cases it is advisable, if possible, to select a window over a doorway, rather than over an area.

FOR BYSTANDERS.

6. On an alarm of fire, it should be the object of all

persons to direct their efforts to save the inmates, and see that instant notice is forwarded to the engine and escape stations, also ladders and ropes should be sought for. All these should be of ready procurement.

7. Two well qualified persons (constables or others) should ascend to the roof, through the adjoining houses; it is often the case that most efficient assistance can from thence be rendered the inmates by an entrance to the upper part of the house on fire, either by the attic windows, the loft door, or by removing the tiles.

8. When the fire occurs in a narrow street or court, assistance can be given efficiently from the windows of the opposite house, particularly by means of a ladder placed across the street from window to window.

9. When no other means present themselves the bystanders had better collect all the blankets, bedding, &c., at hand, and thus be prepared for the inmates throwing themselves from the windows; if there be a scarcity of bedding, a blanket or carpet held stretched out by several persons will serve the purpose. At each of the city police stations a jumping sheet is always at hand, and has frequently proved of great use.”

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE END OF SPRING.

The corn is in the ear, and the May-thorn,
Just tinged with pink, is like some maiden fair
Upon whose cheek the hectic blush forebodes
Decay and death beneath the hue of health.
The pale laburnum weeps itself away,
Shedding its golden blossoms one by one,
Like falling tears, upon the grass beneath.
One solitary may-fly seeks in vain,
With languid flight, its tiny meal to find;
But spring is past, and ere the morrow's sun,
Its silvery wings will cease to fan the breeze.
Come to the woods! Come, where the fern uncoils
Its feathery leaves beneath the shade of trees
Whose interlacing boughs soften the light
Of day into an atmosphere of green,
Chequered with many a starry ray of light,
Coming and going in a playful mood;
Tread gently, for beneath thy feet there grows
The white stellaria, whose blossoms peep,
Like setting stars from out the flowery grass;
Nor press the blue veronica; and leave
Unharm'd the hare-bell; let each flow'et grow
Securely as if never foot of man
Had trespassed on its dreamy solitude.
Pass by the brook across whose narrow banks
One fallen tree lies, benevolently left
To help thee in thy woodland wanderings:
But pause and listen to its melody;
'Tis liquid music; and each tender blade,
With purple orchis and forget-me-not
Tremblingly stooping o'er the crystal stream,
To seek refreshment from its passing kiss,
Bows gracefully as every ripple heaves,
And gently greets it as it steals along.
Pass where the rabbit by thy tread is scared,
And the brown squirrel nips the tender boughs
Of bench and elm, beneath whose cooling shade,
A mossy bank invites thee to repose;
There rest and listen to the melodies
Of ceaseless thrush and nightingale, and there
If aught has vexed thee in the busy world
And in thy breast be stirring evil thoughts,
Say if the God who made their lives so glad
Will suffer thine to be unblest.—Behold
The little gnat as in the beam he flits
On gauzy wing and hums for very joy,
And ask if thou, who only lower art
Than the blest angels, shalt on earth be doomed
To less of happiness than they enjoy,
The summer bird, the insect of an hour;
Train but thy wandering mind to sympathize
With nature and her teachings, and thou, too,
Shalt of her God receive thy measure heaped
Of earthly bliss, and though a man become
In spirit nigh akin to sons of heaven.

R. A. C.

FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNAL.

Histoire du Communisme, ou Réfutation des Utopies Socialistes. Par M. ALFRED SUDRE. Paris: Victor Lecou, Editeur rue du Bouloi, 10.

THE volume before us has been suggested to M. SUDRE by the consideration of the melancholy spectacle which

France, and more particularly its highly civilized and enlightened capital, has offered to the world during the last eighteen months. In reviewing the history of communism, the following questions appear to have presented themselves to the author's mind, and furnished him with a foundation whereon to build his arguments, and have enabled him to offer some consolation to his suffering countrymen by reference to the history of bygone days:—"Has any nation ever had the misfortune to be visited with such a succession of extraordinary convulsions as our own? Has any nation been afflicted with such an universal aberration of intellect and perversion of mind, and given birth to men whose doctrines are so subversive of the moral and temporal welfare of a great people? Is communism, in fact, an ill weed of modern growth, or is it an hereditary rooted evil of our social system?" The disciples of Hippocrates, in their researches for the primary cause of the malady which has well nigh decimated the population of Europe, have endeavoured to trace its source from the pestilential miasmata of the east. In like manner, M. SUDRE has sought, in the obscurity of the early history of the world, for the origin of the scourge which has fallen on the moral world, and which threatens to poison the sources of social life; and the result of his studies has been a highly interesting and valuable work peculiarly suited to the present crisis, and replete with information for all who wish to know the evils with which France is oppressed. We would gladly see this volume in the hands of learned but visionary philosophers, and still more in those of their deluded followers. We are quite sure the former would be enlightened and the latter would be cured, if cured they can be.

It must be acknowledged, if consolation can be derived from others' woe, that France has not been singular in the trials she has experienced, for history shows that other generations have groaned under the same withering influences that she now does. "Communism" is as old as Time—as old as property itself. If the professors of communism, like the evangelist, pretended to be the bearers of glad tidings in our times, history would rise in judgment and scout the idea. Civilization seems to us in all ages to have been tainted with this impure alloy. If we take the three great periods, the principal eras of universal history, ancient Paganism, the Christian era and the middle ages, and the French revolution, we shall see that communism has been preached alternately in the name of philosophy and polity, in the name of the evangelist and of the Christian brotherhood, and in the name of social progress and democratic equality. It has been the tares mixing with the good grain in the civilization of every epoch. The honour, if honour it can be called, of having originated the idea of communism is due to PLATO, the great philosopher. We know that he left two political essays, the *Treatise on a Republic* and the *Book of Laws*. The ideal propounded in *La République* consisted of community of goods, wives, and children. The *Livre des Lois* is a compromise between the author's own ideas and those of his contemporaries; community in wives is no longer advocated, and community of goods is replaced by an equal division of territory among all the inhabitants of the ideal city. Thus it is, that PLATO has become the fountain head, from which flow the two principal streams of utopian communism; that is, communism without modification, and the different Utopias of a secondary class, less consistent, less bold, and less radical in effect, which in our time we have seen confounded under the generic name of socialism. The *Treatise on a Republic* is the symbol of pure communism; the *Book of Laws* that of socialism.

M. SUDRE's book gives an abridged account of the changes in the idea of communism, and of the men who have perpetuated the tradition from the Athenian philosopher down to M. CABET. In modern times, the Chancellor THOMAS MORE, the Monk CAMPANELLA, the Philosophers MORELLY and MABLY, have been the fathers of the various communist sects that have preached or practised the doctrines of communism. MORE's celebrated *Utopia*, whether it is considered as a serious plan for social reform, or as a sport of fancy, has, nevertheless, justly given its name to, and served as a model for all writings of the same kind. It is evidently the source of the violent diatribes and the oft-repeated declamations of our age against the

present state of society, against property, the egotism of the rich and the misery and oppression of the poor. MORE's *Utopia* presents a complete plan of communism similar to that of PLATO, except on one point; that is, that the ties of family are regarded, and wives are not held in common. The monk, CAMPANELLA, more consistent than MORE, gives us, in his *Cité du Soleil*, an idea of a complete community in every thing. Marriage is proscribed as the most intolerable of abuses, and the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes is regularly organized. If space permitted, we might point out many singular points of resemblance between the communism of the "City of the Sun," and the St. Simonian communist doctrines. MORELLY and MABLY, the two professors of communism of the nineteenth century, have only followed the beaten track of their predecessors; they have taken great pains to represent the theory of communism, and to refute the objections which arise against the theory, and to codify the organic laws of regenerated society. MORELLY's work, the *Code de la Nature*, which was long attributed to DIDEROT, is, in fact, the code of communism. We may add to this already long list the names of J. J. ROUSSEAU, of DIDEROT, and of BRISSET, who, some years later, devoted themselves to a better cause and died for it. Such has been the genealogy of peaceful and ideal communism from the days of PLATO down to our own.

But communism has not only existed in the imaginary republic of PLATO, in "The Island of Utopia," and in the "City of the Sun," it has sometimes played an active part in the world even before PLATO; it obtained in the island of Crete; it pervaded the laws which LYCURGUS gave to Sparta. M. SUDRE gives us a new, but faithful picture of Spartan society, such as LYCURGUS constituted it, with a warlike and semi-barbarous aristocracy, with that species of human assemblage which took the place of the family circle, with the severest and most hateful slavery that ever crushed mankind. We may also mention the sect of the Carpoctarians, who, in the early days of the church, practised communism in its most monstrous forms. But the history of communism offers nothing comparable to the great anabaptist movement, of which Germany was the theatre during the first fifty years of the sixteenth century. In a few pages, full of interest, our historian gives an account of the rising of the peasantry; of the pillage, burning, and devastation of large provinces; the success of the insurrection, and the subsequent introduction of communism in the imperial town of Mulhausen by the fanatic THOMAS MUGER. He then describes the crusade against the anabaptists by the princes of Germany; the subsequent success of the anabaptist cause; its victory at Munster, and the coronation of its last prophet, JOHN OF LEYDEN.

This episode is full of instruction. What fearful times were those which witnessed such bloody excesses! And what times must those be, in which the historian only calls them to mind that he may compare them with national and contemporary events. When we look back to the 15th of May, the 23rd of June last year, and the 13th of June this present year, we cannot but be struck with the narrow escape which the capital of France had from the fury of new anabaptists, and from undergoing the same fate as Munster; and how little was wanting to have brought the nation beneath the yoke of a new MATHIAS or a new JOHN OF LEYDEN.

Communism is then united, at least through the Carpoctarians and the Anabaptists, with the history of heresies. But it cannot rely on any legitimate title to support the boast of its affiliation with the orthodox church. Those who would decide this question by citing the example of the apostles and the early professors of the faith can hardly be in earnest. It is true their property was put into one common fund, but this was done to enable them to devote themselves more entirely to the duties of the apostleship.

If this accidental fact be received as evidence of evangelical doctrine, and from it we were to conclude that the church favours a community of goods, we might as well say that the Roman law ought to sanction robbery because the town of Rome was built by a band of robbers.

As to the often quoted example of religious communities, need we say, that it proves nothing in favour of Utopian communism. Under an external and superficial resemblance in management, in point of fact what an essential incalculable difference. The principle of

a monastic life is asceticism; that is, a withdrawal from the world, the renunciation of the pleasures and the good things of the earth, celibacy, abstinence and mortification of the body: the communist form of society is founded on the triumph of materialism, the gratification of sensual appetites, complete and absolute freedom between the sexes, and what has been called the regeneration of the flesh. In the convent all are united for the purposes of prayer and fasting; in the "Phalanstère" all meet for the enjoyment of sensual pleasures. Can men be in their senses when they try to assimilate things which are so profoundly dissimilar. The comparison is worthless when it is considered that the monastic orders never contemplated shutting up the whole human race in a cloister, for it is clear that a section of society, which is devoted to naught but prayer and fasting, could not exist, and cannot be perpetuated but from the world without.

The apostles of communism have very different views; they embrace all mankind in their plan; they wish to make the world one large convent, but not subject to the rules of abstinence and celibacy.

But we cannot deny that communism has played a great part in the French revolution. First, we see it under the bastard, inconsistent, hypocritical form for which the name of socialism has been invented. The false notions which J. J. ROUSSEAU had inculcated about a social state; his theory about the rights of property, which he regarded as a purely conventional institution, had gained proselytes among the most upright and the most enlightened of the constituent assembly.

MIRABEAU, in his speech upon the rights of property, without knowing it, and without wishing to do so, advocated socialism. The false doctrine found a place in the Convention, and above all, in the committee of public safety, where ROBESPIERRE became its champion, and introduced it in the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*. ROBESPIERRE, while he defended the rights of property against the advocates of agrarian laws and communism, aimed the greatest blow at them by passing enactments which left no more than a mere usufructuary, precarious, and conditional possession of property; he decreed the absolute abolition of the right of disposing by will; he advocated the principle of a system of progressive taxation; and the right of the labourer to unlimited relief. The vague and ultra doctrines of socialism were more and more extolled by the other Jacobins; SAINT JUST dreamed of the abolition of collateral succession to property, the proscription of riches, and a universal participation in the property of the country.

RABAUT ST. ETIENNE advocated a partition of land and equality of fortunes. HERAULT DE SECHIELES proposed to found the Constitution of '93, on the laws of Minos; thus, from step to step, socialism reached its last stage, its radical anabaptist form, and became the wild, conspiring, incendiary, exterminating communism, of which BADEUG has been at once the apostle, organizer, hero, and martyr.

Thus, to return to the question with which we commenced, we see that communism is not a new discovery, a new idea due to the genius of the nineteenth century. But, if communism is not a novelty, if it has not this recommendation, has it no honourable title, no title of nobility nor legitimacy? Can it not be represented as one of those original enduring ideas which the Divine Hand has engraven in the human mind, which is perpetuated from century to century, and the development of which forms an uninterrupted history? Certainly not! neither history nor philosophy afford any such justification. The world has witnessed the birth of ideas which are true, of others that are false; some that are prolific, others that are barren; ideas that live and fructify, of others that die in the bud; ideas, which are in truth ideas, which have an end and being; and ideas which are no more than visions. That which characterises ideas of truth and virtue, is, that they are endowed with a principle of life and activity, which increases and is continually developed, and whose progress is so defined that it is easy to follow it through the course of ages; and, on the other hand, the characteristic of ideas which are not true is to remain stationary; time is to them of no advantage; they are seeds which have no vitality, and will take no root in the soil of civilization. The great ideas of civil equality, of political freedom and national union, have been gradually established in the world; they have left

footprints on the sand of time, and have steadily proceeded to maturity. Has it been so with communism? Most certainly not! Was it communism which burst asunder the chains of ancient slavery, emancipated the serfs of the middle ages, or liberated the "Tiers Etat?" No! Communism is as old as history; but as it was an abortion in its cradle so is it now; as it emanated cold and ungenial from the chimerical brain of PLATO, so has it remained and curdled in the brains of his disciples. THOMAS MORE copied PLATO; MORELLE, MABLY, and the reformers of the last century, copied THOMAS MORE; BABŒUF has copied MORELLE. Such is the fate of all the crude ideas, of all the visions of the human mind, of all the utopias, which are opposed to the decrees of Providence; of all the TITANS who would climb Olympus; the Almighty crushes them and condemns them to impotency. For centuries past we have tried to discover the philosopher's stone, to square a circle, and to find perpetual motion! but, are we one step nearer to the discovery? Communism is the philosopher's stone of political economy; it is the spurious coinage of ancient and modern civilization.

We now come to our modern reformers, and seek in vain for any addition to the communist treasury; they seem to us possessed of less ingenuity and ability than their predecessors. This remark is applicable to pacific reforming and socialism, as well as to revolutionary and exterminating communism. The first, in chronological order, ROBERT OWEN, has evidently borrowed his dogma of human irresponsibility from the Anabaptist doctrine of the absence of original sin in the world. Saint Simonism is founded on the wild theory which CAMPANELLA propounded in the *City of the Sun*. Fourierism can boast of nothing new; but the word *phalanstere*,* which certainly is new, but the thing it expresses is not new. Agricultural and domestic societies were formerly common in France, and they still exist in some provinces. The attractive theory respecting labour is MORELLE'S. M. CABET, in spite of his revolutionary spirit, has no pretension to originality, he proclaims himself the humble disciple of MORE, MORELLE, and MABLY. The happy Icaria is modelled on the same plan, and with the same materials, as the happy Utopia. M. LOUIS BLANC is less modest, but yet, he has no real title to originality although possessed of more wit, talent, and resources; he draws from all sources; he admires, and boldly paraphrases, MORE, CAMPANELLA, MORELLE and MABLY; these are his standards, but BABŒUF, the conspirator and leveller, is the author whom, it is true, he quotes the least, but, nevertheless, from him he gets his great idea of the introduction of *ateliers nationaux*. But how shall we refuse the title of inventor, of original thinker, to M. PROUDHON, the author of so many fine discoveries? If originality consists in combatting existing opinions, in dissecting systems, in ridiculing all we have hitherto believed, in wasting the talents of a powerful pen in petty polemical skirmishes, in universal contradictions, in dressing up common ideas in the quaint and pedantic forms of the German school, in balancing on the point of a needle truth and falsehood, justice and injustice, Atheism and Deism, if all this constitutes originality, then truly M. PROUDHON is original. But that is the only title by which we may distinguish him from his fellow destructives, for M. PROUDHON has not originated anything, not even the Peoples' Bank, for similar establishments have been tried in France and in England, but have invariably miscarried. But at all events, to M. PROUDHON belongs the famous dictum, *la propriété c'est le vol*. Who will doubt it when he himself with enthusiasm declares,—“The definition of property is mine, and my sole ambition is to prove that I have understood its grasp and meaning. *la propriété c'est le vol!*” Such words are not uttered in a thousand years. I have no other riches in the world but this definition of property; but it is more precious to me than ROTHSCHILD'S millions, and I do not hesitate to say, it is the one important event of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE.”

Alas! not so, replies M. SUDRE, this definition of property does not even belong to M. PROUDHON. Sixty years ago BRISSOT said, “the exclusive possession of property is a robbery on nature,” and he added, by way of supplement, “a man of property is a robber;” these

beautiful maxims are digested and expounded in the *Recherches Philosophiques sur la droit de Propriété et le vol*.

The robbery is flagrant, but we will not complain of M. PROUDHON, his very consistency is refreshing, his maxim is comprehensive, *la propriété c'est le vol*, and why should property in literature be more legitimate than property in land or in the funds. M. PROUDHON appropriates, nay, pilfers, all that comes to hand.

Thus it is, that the LYCURGUSES, the SOLONS, of our day, desire to regenerate civilization in France. They commence by introducing a system of government taken from the Greeks. Now, they undertake to regenerate society itself and to model it after the antique. These pretensions are identified in their principles and spring from the same source. For years we were told that there is but one system of government agreeable to the dictates of reason, nature, the rights of man, liberty, equality, and fraternity; that is, a government after the model of ancient Greece and ancient Rome. Now that we have this government, we are told there is but one state of society conformable to reason, nature, justice, liberty, equality and fraternity; we must adopt that which prevailed at Crete and in Lacedæmonia. Adorers of reason, of nature, and of antiquity, when will you form a right judgment on these words which are always on your lips, but the sense of which your prejudices and your ignorance prevents you from appreciating? When will you be convinced that reason and nature are more comprehensive than your systems; that the opinions, the nature, the instincts, the manners, the civilization, the genius of antiquity, are not compatible with the genius and instincts of the present age? We know of nothing so fallacious and so perilous as this servile admiration of the institutions of antiquity. There are persons who are always realizing the ideal of painters and sculptors, and who always think of the ancients as men with large and elevated foreheads, with pendant and majestic beards. Those who know the least of antiquity are those who fall most frequently into this ridiculous superstition. The Ancients were, without doubt, our superiors in the domain of letters, poetry and eloquence; but we must admire them with discretion, and we must not forget that we cannot envy them, nor will we borrow from their social relations nor their political institutions. Those who would recast society and the state in the mould of antiquity, to be consistent, should reinstate the aristocracy, introduce despotism, slavery, and all the barbarous institutions which were the foundations and support of the boasted virtues and pretended majesty of the ancient communities. The simple course would then be, to adopt the idea of HERAULT DE SECHÈLLES, and issue a decree that “The Constitution of Minos, or the Constitution of Lycurgus, henceforth shall be the Constitution of the French people.”

We have spoken a great deal of Communism, and but little of the work to which this article is specially devoted; certainly not because the book is not worthy of the subject, far from that, M. SUDRE has discharged the double task of historian and critic most felicitously. In this rapid and animated picture of twenty centuries, the interest never flags for a moment, the recital of facts is blended so happily with the explanation and discussion of systems. A more competent judge than ourselves has noticed some omissions in the book, among others, the part which the Anabaptist sect played in the English Revolution. This omission does in fact exist, but it may be supplied. M. SUDRE'S book has received the full approbation of the French Academy, and we do most sincerely confirm the judgment of that learned tribunal.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE duel between M. Thiers and M. Bixio has been quickly followed by two others; the cause of offence in both cases being, evidence given before the High Court of Justice at Versailles. M. Herman, Editor of the “Tribune des Peuples,” was one of the principals.

The Editor of the “Tribune des Peuples” has been summoned to appear before the High Court of Justice at Versailles to answer for contempt of court, in publishing an incorrect account of its proceedings.

A bust of Mendelssohn has been placed in front of the orchestra of the Birmingham Music Hall.

Mr. Lumley, the lessee of the Queen's Theatre in London, has been urgently pressed to undertake the

management of the Italian Opera House at Paris during the ensuing season.

The success which has attended the representation of the political satire, the “Foire aux Idées,” at the Theatre of the Vaudeville, at Paris, has induced the authors to add a fourth number; the title is the great republican motto, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. The tableaux, replete with cutting sarcasms upon republican institutions, were received by crowded houses with shouts of applause.

The great Michaelmas Fair at Leipsic has just taken place, and more than 30,000 persons are calculated to have been lodged and fed within the limits of the city.

The forthcoming number of the “Revue des deux Mondes” was expected to have contained an article by one of the princes of the banished Orleans family. The subject was the foreign policy which France ought to pursue generally, and particularly towards Turkey and the East, but from motives of prudence and delicacy it has been suppressed.

The “Gazette de France” states that the operatives of Toulouse have opened a subscription to purchase a sword of honour to be presented to the Count de Chambord.

The editor of the journal, “L'Egalité,” of Gers, has been condemned to imprisonment for six months, and 500 francs fine, for having published an article headed “Down with the Rich.”

The “Messagere,” of Turin, having been prosecuted by the Apostolic Nuncio for an article representing Pius IX. as “affecting a hypocritical mildness, passing his time at Gaeta in saying mass, and having his feet kissed by sovereigns who are still more corrupted and treacherous than he,” the jury found him guilty, but his counsel having pleaded prescription, as three months had passed since the publication of the article, the plea was held to be good, and the “Messagere” acquitted.

The tribunal of Correctional Police was occupied lately for some days by the trial of M. Cabet and M. Krolkowski, on the charge of swindling, in connexion with the famous Searian Society of Communists, got up by the former. It seems that many unfortunate followers of M. Cabet were induced to give up all they possessed to him, and to emigrate to America, where he pretended he had obtained a large concession of land. On arriving at their destination, the unhappy dupes found that no preparations had been made to receive them. They consequently endured the most terrible hardships, and many died. M. Krolkowski was acquitted, but M. Cabet, who was tried by default, was convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment, fifty francs fine, and five years interdiction of civil rights.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

LADY BULWER LYTTON has a new tale forthcoming; and we observe that Washington Irving's promised *Life of Goldsmith* is to form a volume in “Murray's Home and Colonial Library.” We presume that its publication in a cheap shape is adopted to prevent competition, for the American copyright would probably not have been long held sacred by English speculators. Now, all hopes of success for an invader are effectually shut out.—Robert Hunt is again in the field of science adorning it with his research and penetration: “Panthea; the Spirit of Nature,” is announced as shortly to appear, with his name on the title-page.

—A Captain Chamier is about to venture forth with a History of the late French Revolution. The Captain's name is unknown to us, and we have not heard that his work is likely to excel the other premature attempts to make current history attractive in the shape of books.—Mr. Bentley, as usual, has a lot of new tales in store; their merits we must leave to be pronounced upon in other departments of the CRITIC.—Mr. Colburn has added some really promising names to the very attractive list of popular authors; but we hardly ever knew Albemarle-street so quiet, and Paternoster-row exhibits but few signs of returning animation. By a contradiction, which we do not understand, the reputedly “fashionable” publishers alone favour us with plenty of promises.—An author, who selects Mr. Newby as his usherer, has struck upon a text in one of the *Times*' leading articles, and has written a tale, entitled “The Golden Calf,” consisting of three volumes, and pretending to picture the railway frauds of the present century, portraying their dire

* “Phalanstere,” we hear, is a word coined to represent a division; a “phalanx” of the great community.—E.

and lasting influence on the community. We shall watch this tale with anxiety. We tremble for the author's caution, as the suggestive article in question appeared in the *Times* no longer back than the 7th of September, and the tale of three volumes is already written, printed, and before the public! If the handle made of the *Times*' article be not a mere puffing afterthought, the author of "The Golden Calf" will have exceeded even the race-horse speed of James and Dumas.—We observe that many of the publishers are still reaping benefit from their exertions to render standard works cheap: new editions of Tom Moore's works, L. E. L.'s poems, and of Wordsworth's poetical works, in various forms, are being extensively advertised. This is a very promising and hopeful sign of the times.—We are taught that winter approaches by the flood of announcements of almanacs and pocket-books which appears—a sign as correct and punctual as even the fall of the leaf. There is promise of many more than usual of these annuals; and those of a comic nature are the first in the field. Everybody, class, party, sect and interest—and we had nearly said, almost every individual—publishes an almanac peculiarly adapted to the tastes and wants of those with whom he or it is associated.—Another volume of M. Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire" will shortly be published.—Paul de Kock has recently published a six-volume romance, entitled, *Une Guiltarde*.—Considerable excitement had been excited in the United States by the announcement of a history of the late attempt at insurrection in Ireland, by Michael Doheny, one of the outlaws. The work is entitled "The Felon's Track."—Among the recent arrivals in America from Europe, we notice that of John R. Brodhead, Esq., late Secretary of the Legation of the United States at London. Mr. Brodhead is engaged on a historical work, which we expect before long to announce as in the course of publication.—It is stated that, with the consent of the Navy Department, the original sketches and drawings of the late American expedition to the Dead Sea and the river Jordan have been placed at the disposal of the guardian of the children of the late Lieut. Dale. An artist of high standing has been engaged since November last, painting a panorama of scenery in the East, and with him the guardian has entered into a written contract, giving to the former the use of the sketches and drawings, and securing for the orphans a portion of the proceeds of the exhibition of the panorama, when complete. The surviving officers of the expedition will render all the assistance in their power, and endeavour, whenever called on, to give the artist as correct an idea as they can of the localities visited in their route. This is in accordance with the liberality of Lieut. Lynch, the profits of whose "History of the Expedition" were generously assigned to the family of his friend, Lieut. Dale.—The person who some months ago advertised a volume of letters and other private memoranda of Lord Byron, has appeared in New York, under the style and title of "Major George Gordon Byron," where he again announces his publication.

Ludwig Uhland, the celebrated poet, has lately entered his protest in the public prints of Stuttgart, against the proceedings of the courts-martial in Baden, with regard to the natives of Wurtemberg.—Active measures are in progress for the preservation of the house of John Knox.—The one-thousandth anniversary of the birth of King Alfred was celebrated at Wantage on Thursday with great éclat by a number of gentlemen interested in the cultivation of Anglo-Saxon literature.—The late D. Fereday, Esq., of Ettinghall Park, Staffordshire, has bequeathed to Magdalen College, Oxford, 20,000*l.*, for the purpose of founding four fellowships, to be called by his name; a preference to be given primarily to his kin, and afterwards to natives of Staffordshire. Mr. Fereday was formerly a Gentleman Commoner of this College, and was in 1814 created an honorary M. A.—Mr. Busk, the President of the London Microscopical Society, has stated it as his opinion, after careful inquiry, that there is no foundation for the "fungoid theory of cholera."—The President and Council of Queen's College, Cork, have purchased for the museum of the College the great botanical and pharmaceutical collection which had been formed by the late Anthony T. Thompson, Professor of the London University.

The *Chester Courant* says, "We have been favoured by a correspondent with the following interesting announcement, dated from Conway, October 12:—'On Wednesday the miners at Llandudno broke, in the course of their labours, into what appeared to be an extensive cavern, the roof of which, being one mass of stalactite, reflected back their lights with dazzling splendour. On examination, the cavern turned out to be an old work, probably Roman, the benches, stone hammers, &c., used by that ancient people having been

found entire, together with many bones of mutton, which had been consumed by those primitive miners. The bones are, to all appearance, as fresh, though impregnated with copper, as they were when denuded of their fleshy covering, after remaining, as they must have done, nearly 2,000 years in the bowels of the earth. The cavern is about forty yards long, and must be a subject of great interest to those fond of investigating the remains of bygone ages.'"—In addition to those already described of the Roman pavements at Cirencester, another very fine head has just been exposed to view, in the room last discovered, corresponding with those of Ceres and Flora, previously found. This is the fifth circle as yet wholly uncovered; two others are partially so, and thus only two will be lost out of the nine which originally formed this splendid room. The design of the floor is now made clear: it consisted of nine medallions of nearly five feet in diameter each; the four at the corners containing bold, well-executed heads, typical of the four seasons, of which three are now visible; the circles between them contain historical tableaux, whilst the centre is occupied by a piece of art of a very superior character. Outside the circles is a remarkably handsome border of rather more than five feet in width. The pavement is being removed (it is now in the middle of a street), and many interesting facts are daily brought to light.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

BREUN.—On the 20th Oct., at Clitheroe, Lancashire, M. Emile Braun, Secretary of the Archaeological Institute of Rome, Doctor in Philosophy, Chevalier of the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia, &c., to Anne, only surviving daughter of James Thompson, Esq., of Primrose, near Clitheroe.

DEATHS.

BECKER.—At Offenbach on the Maine, on the 4th ult., in the 75th year of his age, Dr. Carl Ferdinand Becker. This distinguished scholar and philologist, ranks with Jacob Grimm and the late Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt.

CHOPIN.—At Paris on the 17th ult., M. Chopin, the composer and pianist, at the early age of thirty-nine. M. Chopin was a Pole; born at a village near Warsaw. He obtained his first instructions in music of an old Bohemian; subsequently making himself master of the piano-forte, he became the pupil in composition of Elmar, director of the Warsaw Conservatoire.

COLMAN.—Near London, of fever (aged 65), the Rev. Henry Colman, author of several valuable reports made to the Massachusetts legislature, as Agricultural Commissioner for that commonwealth, and of the recent book of travels, "European Life and Manners."

LESUR.—MASSARD.—In Paris, aged 79, Mr. Lesur, formerly historiographer to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and founder of the *Annuaire Historique* which bears his name, has died at the age of seventy-nine. Also M. Raphael Urban Massard, the eminent historical engraver.

LOCKER.—In London, on the 16th Oct., of Edward Hawke Locker, Esq., late Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital.—Mr. Locker was in many respects a remarkable man.

MEYER.—On the 18th Oct., at his residence, 42, Wharton-street, Pentonville. Phillip James Meyer, M. Phil. S., and professor of the harp to Her Most Excellent Majesty Adelaide Queen dowager, aged 79.

Voss.—At Finsbury, on the 4th Oct., Heinrich Voss, the architect. He was the son of the celebrated poet and philologist, and distinguished himself in his profession by the edifice called Illman.

Heirs-at-Law, Next-of-Kin, &c. wanted.

[A Register of the References where full particulars of the following may be found, is kept at the CRITIC OFFICE. To prevent unnecessary trouble or impertinent curiosity, they will be supplied only on payment of half-a-crown for the search. If the inquiry be by letter, this may be transmitted in postage stamps. It will be sufficient to state the number prefixed to the particular case upon which information is sought.]

- 1243. Mr. JOHN READ, late of 102, Fleet-street, London.
- 1244. NEXT-OF-KIN of JAMES BRENNAN, late of Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, merchant, deceased. He is supposed to have been born at Glaslough or Couthill, otherwise Cootchill, about the year 1783.
- 1245. EDWARD ROLLINGOUR FOLDEN, formerly of Liverpool, sea apprentice, and who was seen in Shropshire in 1837; or evidence of his death. *Requard.*
- 1246. Lady HARRIET NASMYTH, dowager, late of Fludyer street, Westminster. Recent residence or evidence of her death. *Requard.*
- 1247. GEORGE WHITFIELD, nephew of Nancy White, formerly of Maddox-street, and late of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, spinster. *Something to advantage.*
- 1248. NEXT-OF-KIN of JOSEPH CAVE, late of Luton, Bedfordshire. *Something to advantage.*

- 1249. JOHN WILMOTT, eldest son of Frances and Elizabeth Wilmott, of Great Bedwin, Wilts, innkeepers, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
- 1250. NEXT-OF-KIN of HENRY HUNT, late of Queen's-row, Pimlico, china and glass dealer.
- 1251. The CHILDREN of RICHARD ROW, deceased, formerly of Market Harborough, or their issue. *Something to advantage.*
- 1252. COUSINS of JOSEPH MANN, late of Liverpool, tobacco manufacturer.
- 1253. HEIR of HEIRESS, or CO-HEIRESS of SAMUEL BLACK, who resided at or near Columbia River, in Canada, and died there in February 1841.
- 1254. ELIZABETH MUSH, deceased, or her relations, a legatee in a will of Christopher Yeates, alderman, of Oxford, in 1810; supposed to have her relations at Knarborough.
- 1255. CERTIFICATE of the MARRIAGE of HERMAN MERTENS and MARGARET HILL, prior to the year 1798.
- 1256. Mr. LITTLECHILD, who lived with Mr. Box, of Oxford-street, gutta percha dealer.

(To be continued.)

ERRATUM.—In the article on PASCAL, in our last number, in the ninth line from commencement, for "profound," read "propound."

DEAFNESS.—NEW DISCOVERY.—

THE ORGANIC VIBRATOR, an extraordinarily powerful, small, newly invented instrument, for deafness, entirely different from all others, to surpass anything of the kind that has been, or probably ever can be, produced. It is modelled to the ear, so that it rests within, without projecting. Being of the same colour as the skin, is not perceptible. Enables deaf persons to enjoy general conversation, to hear distinctly at church, and at public assemblies. The unpleasant sensation of singing noises in the ears is entirely removed, and it affords all the assistance that possibly could be desired. Also, invaluable newly-invented SPECTACLES.—S. & B. SOLOMONS, Aurists and Opticians, 39, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly.



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GUTTA PERCHA TUBING, being unaffected by moisture, acids, alkalies, grease, &c., is useful for the conveyance of Water, Chemicals, Liquid Manure, &c. It is peculiarly valuable for Drain and Soil Pipes.—In case of any stoppage, an incision can be made in the tubing with a sharp knife, and readily closed again by means of a warm iron. Its strength is extraordinary; the small half-inch diameter tubing having resisted a pressure of 250 lbs. on the square inch without bursting.

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FELT CARPETING. The present period being peculiarly one of economy, the public should purchase this description of Carpeting, the advantages being durability, beauty, and novelty of design, imperviousness to dust, brilliancy of colouring, style equal to Brussels, and at a cost of half the price. Purchasers are cautioned against spurious imitations, the Felt Carpeting being always stamped "Royal Victoria Carpeting." It can be procured at all the respectable Carpet Houses in London and its vicinity, and in all the principal Towns in the United Kingdom.

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LERUE'S UNEQUALLED ORIENTAL DENTIFRICE, used by an eminent Surgeon, under whose directions it is brought before the public as an article perfect in its beneficial effects, in adding beauty to the Teeth, and strengthening the Gums, is strongly recommended to the patronage of the public. Sold in boxes 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. each. Sent free to all parts of the Kingdom, on receipt of stamps, with an extra 2d. 3d. or 4d. for postage;—by Mr. THOS. SMITH (sole agent), No. 7, John-street, Adelphi Chambers, Strand, London.

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EDEN'S FAMILY MEDICINES are the only true remedy ever introduced to the Public. Their system of eradicating all diseases by thoroughly cleansing the body is the most natural. All disorders arise from an impurity of the blood, and, therefore, can only be cured by a proper vegetable purgation. Half the misery and pain we experience arise from neglect of ourselves, or taking violent and improper nostrums that may Quack may call medicine. A want of cleanliness, pure air, wholesome and plain food, assisted by mild aperients when required, is all that is necessary to keep us in a healthy state, and avoiding cholera, influenza, or any epidemic with which we are so often visited. Keep, then, EDEN'S FAMILY MEDICINES by you, and you will need no doctor or physician.

Prepared only and sold wholesale by Messrs. EDEN, and Co., 2, Jewin Crescent, City; and retail by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom.

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TRYERE YOU DESPAIR.**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**

CURE OF ASTHMA.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Benjamin Mackie, a respectable Quaker, dated Greenagh, near Loughall, Ireland, dated September 11th, 1848.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Thy excellent Pills have effectually cured me of an Asthma, which afflicted me for three years to such an extent, that I was obliged to walk my room at night for air, afraid of being suffocated if I went to bed by cough and phlegm. Besides taking the Pills, I rubbed plenty of thy Ointment into my chest night and morning.

(Signed)

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